JOHN BULL, week ending Jan. 9, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1908

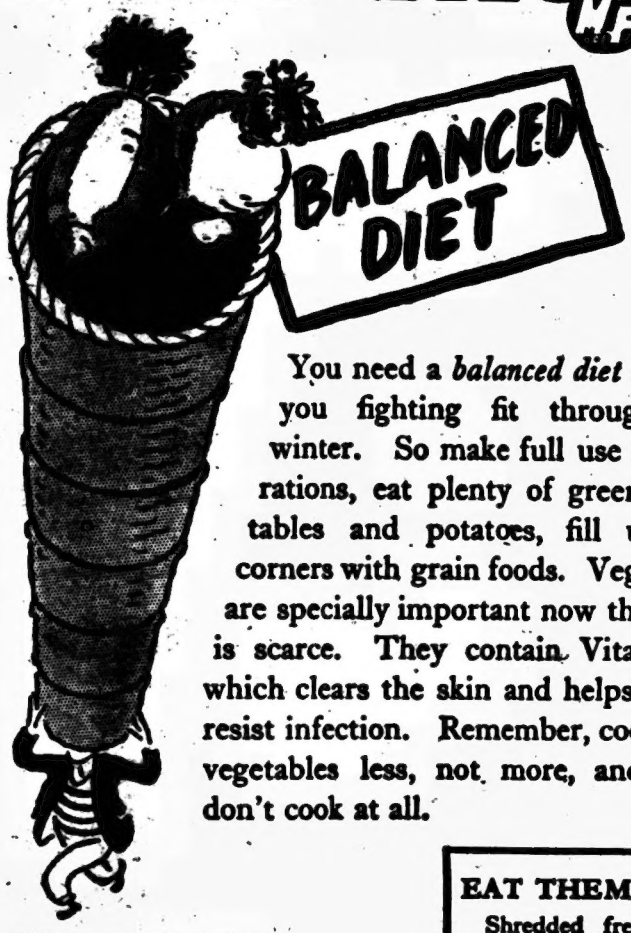
3d EVERY THURSDAY

SAVING — OR SABOTAGE By The EDITOR

HOW WAR HAS CHANGED US

WHERE WILL THE CRACK COME? By A. G. G.

FOOD FACTS



You need a *balanced diet* to keep you fighting fit through the winter. So make full use of your rations, eat plenty of green vegetables and potatoes, fill up the corners with grain foods. Vegetables are specially important now that fruit is scarce. They contain Vitamin C which clears the skin and helps you to resist infection. Remember, cook your vegetables less, not more, and some don't cook at all.

RED CABBAGE

TRY cooking it this way. Slice 2 lb. cabbage finely with a knife. Put into a saucepan with a cupful of boiling water and cook for 20 minutes with the lid on. Just before serving, drain, add 1 tablespoonful mixed lemon substitute, a teaspoonful of sugar, a sprinkle of cinnamon and shake well.

The Radio Doctor says:—

"From nearly all our vegetables we get vitamins. For Vitamin C we depend mainly on vegetables now that fruit is scarce."

Don't waste fuel
On a vegetabuel:
It's more to your credit
To shred it.

EAT THEM RAW

Shredded fresh raw vegetables are good for you. Don't be old-fashioned about your vegetables. Try eating them raw. This is a food fact, not a food fad. Doctors advise raw shredded vegetables for the children because there isn't enough fruit now.

We all know that raw vegetables aren't as nice as oranges, but they are as necessary for you as they are for your children. Make it a rule to have a raw vegetable salad every day of your life.

Cooking processes, however efficient, destroy some of the valuable salts and vitamins.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 128

SOAP COUPONS SAVED, FUEL SAVED

SPECIAL WARTIME WASHING METHOD

EVERY housewife wants to use as little soap as possible, and she's also anxious to do what the Government asks and save fuel.

So this wartime method for doing the weekly wash should appeal strongly to her. It has been specially worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories and it saves Rinso as well as coal, gas or electricity.

The method

Here's what you do: You turn on your hot tap and run *half as much water* into the sink as you'd normally use. Into this you sprinkle *two-thirds of the amount of Rinso* you'd normally use. Then you put your whites to *soak* in these suds for *12 minutes only*.

You should have just enough suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

Wash-through and rinse

After the whites have soaked 12 minutes, wash them through and rinse. Don't throw your suds away. The coloureds must go into these and soak 12 minutes also.

Naturally, this way of washing with only a little water isn't as pleasant as having lashings of suds. Nevertheless, *it does get the clothes clean* while saving your soap and fuel into the bargain. So it's worth it, isn't it?

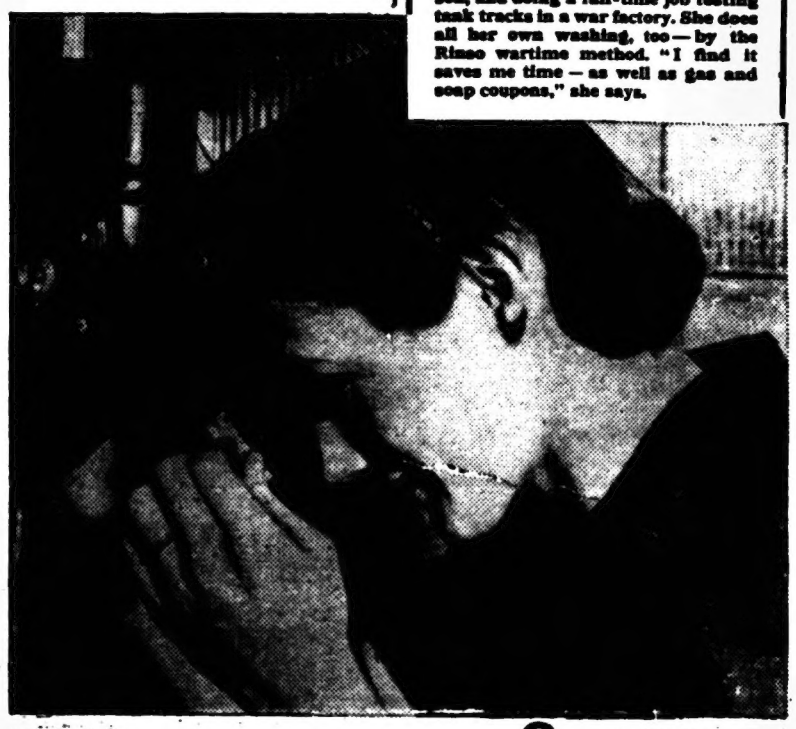
The actual Rinso saving is one-third of what you'd normally use — i.e., one packet in every three.

Busy housewives will appreciate, too, the saving in work and time. A wash takes roughly 1½ hours' less time to do this way. What's more, there's no hard rubbing with it!

Next time you do the washing, use this wartime method! Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—1 coupon. 7d. packet—2 coupons.

Tester of Tank Tracks Does Family Wash, Too

Mrs. May Butler is a soldier's wife, whose day's work consists of running a little home, looking after a small son, and doing a full-time job testing tank tracks in a war factory. She does all her own washing, too — by the Rinso wartime method. "I find it saves me time — as well as gas and soap coupons," she says.



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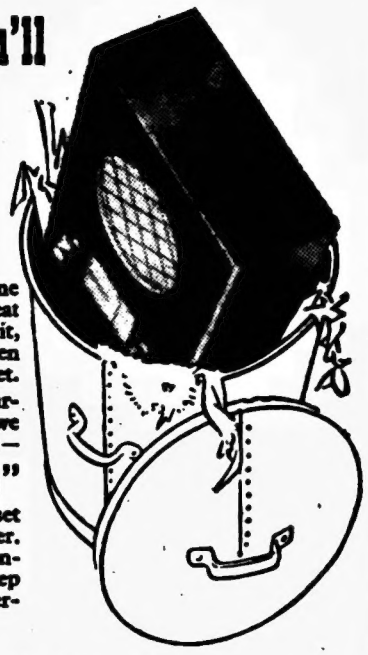
R. S. Hudson Limited

STOP . . . LOOK . . .

and maybe you'll

LISTEN



Too many radio sets have gone dumb, and there's not a great deal anyone can do about it, at least until the fighting men have had *their* radio needs met. We must try to look after ourselves more — that is why we have produced the little book—

"KEEP IT GOING"

to help you to keep your set (whatever the make) in order. It won't make a wireless engineer of you but it may keep a set going that would otherwise be silent.

Price 6d. from all

MURPHY DEALERS

If your Murphy Dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him, please write direct to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.108

Be Careful!

BE CAREFUL walk round the house after the black-out has been put up and see that there are no chinks with light shining thro'; after all the Hun has got to aim at something and it would be just too bad if your little ray of light caught his eye at the crucial moment.

BE CAREFUL TOO with your Cherry Blossom Boot Polish—supply is restricted. Apply a little less than you did when 'Cherry Blossom' could be had for the asking. Rub it well into your shoes so that it sinks into the leather; it will ensure a brighter finish and make your shoes last longer.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

In Black, Brown and Tonette.

BOOTS

Cotton Clues

COTTON COMES FROM OVERSEAS. It is also an important munition of war. Here are some ideas and advice to help you to get the longest wear and greatest use from your cotton things.

Watch runaway colours

When washing cottons, first sort out the whites from the coloured things. Put the whites in a lather made with soap powder and just enough hot water to cover the clothes. Soak for 15 minutes. Wash, rinse and remove the whites — then put the coloureds into the same suds. If you are not sure that the colour of any article is fast, wash it separately as quickly as possible and dry it quickly, too—don't leave coloured things bunched up after they have been washed.

It's all in the bag *"Don't throw away the cotton bag in which you sometimes buy your flour or dog biscuits. Launder it and you will find it useful to take in your basket when you go shopping. Now that shopkeepers are short of paper bags you will find it handy for bringing home biscuits, cakes, and other food sold 'loose.' If the seams are unpicked and the bag opened out and hemmed it makes a useful pudding cloth or a hanky for a child. Boiling will usually remove the lettering originally printed on the bag."*

From Mrs. G. MOTT, Fir Cottage, Longwick, Aylesbury, Bucks.

A point to remember Always keep a needle and cotton handy. You can often save a garment by "first aid" treatment by catching a tear, a split seam, or a loose button before trouble can develop seriously.

Mend and make do to save buying new

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

Mix the children's Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious drink makes no demands on the milk supply.

The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water *only*. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

DOWN WITH FLU!

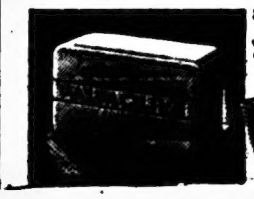
In bed with 'flu?—but where's your Phensic? Streaming, burning eyes . . a sore throat . . . aching limbs . . . Phensic will relieve these symptoms in no time! Your temperature . . . Phensic will bring this down to normal by fighting the 'flu germ for you. It will clear all 'flu germs out of your blood-stream. It will prevent the awful loss of strength which so often leaves the 'flu patient weak. 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

An urgent need for Phensic

to clear the 'Flu germs out of your bloodstream

"Rush hour duties" won't spoil that Schoolgirl Complexion

You'll find that "rush" hours aren't so bad if you have a refreshing Palmolive bath before you start out or as soon as you get home. The rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive cleanses, soothes and beautifies. Use Palmolive every time you wash, every time you bath, and so ensure that now, and when Peace comes, you are "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



PALMOLIVE

3½d. including Tax

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 9, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

BLED WHITE

● Some Royal Marines were delighted when they heard they were being posted to an English town famous for its attractions.

Delight changed to dismay soon after their arrival.

Cheapest cinema seats, they found, were 2s. 6d. and 3s. Four of the lads went to a café, where each had a morsel of fish, three half-potatoes, and a glass of stout. The bill came to 18s.

Everything, they found, was twice as dear as in an ordinary town.

Why? Because American and Australian troops were stationed in the districts and were thought by the tradespeople to have money to burn.

The same ramp is common in other towns where U.S. and Dominion forces are training.

What an insult to the men who have come thousands of miles to fight for our common cause! And what an injury to their lesser-paid British comrades!

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW WE'LL DO SOME

VON HOTH'S Sixth Army, encircled near Stalingrad, no longer has any chance of organising a "Dunkirk."

And now we are going to do some encircling.

Both in Africa and Burma we have an opportunity to cut off the enemy's retreat and destroy his forces.

Open Invitation

Much against their will, no doubt, Rommel and Nehring must pool their strength. They will join up in Tunisia to fight a last bitter delaying action.

Thus will they invite encirclement. They will be surrounded to the west and south by General Anderson's First Army and General Giraud's Frenchmen, to the east by Montgomery's Eighth Army.

On the north there is the Mediterranean. That is where the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy will come in.

Heavy Fight

The struggle will be fierce, perhaps costly.

It is no use blinking the fact that Rommel has got away with practically all the forces left to him after the Battle of Egypt.

We did not succeed, as first reports suggested, in cutting off half his armoured division beyond El Agheila.

Fine Effort

What actually happened, it now seems clear, is that our intercepting force was too light and was swept out of the way.

In Tunis, similarly, our forward troops made a fine effort to cut Nehring's forces in two, but were pushed back.

Both efforts were justified. Both proved that we must bring up our full strength.

Our Power

But Anderson is confident that his First Army is strong enough for the job.

The Eighth Army is eager for decisive action.

The R.A.F. is ready to attack the enemy from three sides; ready, moreover, not only to pound him to defeat, but then to make it impossible for him to escape across the Mediterranean.

Cut Off

In Burma, the Japanese at Akyab have no way of retreat.

Wavell's men are advancing inexorably towards them; behind and around them are impassable creeks and marshes.

But for us, also, the district will prove a dead-end. Akyab leads to nowhere, though by gaining it we may lessen the air attacks on Calcutta.

Biggest in History

Thus Wavell's advance is by no means an attack on Burma proper.

For that attack, the greatest army ever assembled in India is waiting on the frontier. Only a few weeks remain before the start of the rainy season.

Third Front

Yet this Third Front in Asia is as important as the Second Front in Africa.

We cannot hope to administer the death-blow to Japan this year. But we must retake the Burma Road this year in order to sustain the gallant Chinese and prepare the way for a United Nations offensive.

Plain Pattern

So the military pattern for 1943 is plain to all who have eyes to see.

We must drive on to the gates of China. We must merge the two fronts in Africa into one and then wipe it out entirely, thereby releasing men and ships for the greatest task of all——

A Second Front in Europe!

Designing the Peace

It will be a hard year. A year of endeavour and struggle on a scale never experienced before.

But it must also be a year of political and economic activity as determined and as forthright as any military action.

We must begin to plan the peace—if only, as Smuts has hinted, because the war might end with dramatic suddenness.

Home Truths

That is why we should welcome the efforts of President Roosevelt, Vice-President Wallace and Secretary of State Cordell Hull to educate the U.S. public on the subject of post-war reconstruction.

These are three statesmen of integrity and vision. They have a message not only for their own people, but for all who desire a peace of plenty.

Jobs for All

Mr. Wallace, the first to speak, put the issue quite simply:

"If everybody can be given a job in war work now, why can't everybody have a job in peace time production later on?

"The returning soldier and sailor will demand an answer—this will be the test of statesmanship on the home front, just as the ability to co-operate with other nations for peace and improved living standards will be the test of statesmanship on the international front."

The Two P's

The two tests, of course, are bound up with each other. There can't be jobs-for-all at home unless there are also jobs-for-all in other countries.

In a famous phrase, M. Litvinov once declared that peace is indivisible. So is prosperity.

We can't get either without planning them.

Avoiding a Slump

Think of our own position. Remember how Japanese dumping brought a slump to Lancashire.

Well, in this war we have encouraged Canada and Australia and India to build up heavy industries.

So they no longer import steel from us. And so, unless we are careful, lots of our steelworkers will be idle after the war.

Looking Ahead

Indeed, peace will find us deprived of many of our traditional markets. Fortunately, American leaders are wise enough to see that if Britain's economy becomes unbalanced the whole world will become poorer too.

But they also know, and we know, that actually Britain and the U.S. can be made more prosperous than ever.

Mapping the World

World planning can avoid a scramble for markets. Improve the standards of life abroad and our goods will again be in demand. Improve the standards at home and we shall ourselves want more goods than ever before.

All this can be done only by international agreement and co-operation, not by cut-throat competition or dumping or muddling-through.

New Air Danger

That truth has yet to be learned by the business gangsters in the U.S., who would like to "corner the market" in civil air transport after the war.

Nor is any more sense shown by that section of our Tory Press which wants Britain to prepare for a "Second Air War."

The world will never enjoy prosperity through private monopolies or uncontrolled competition.

War or Peace

And uncontrolled air competition would be dangerous to the point of lunacy.

We know to our cost the deadliness of aircraft in war. But we also know that aircraft could be made messengers of peace, distributors of trade, agents of international understanding.

Under Control

That can only be done if they are subject to international control, operating for the benefit of all peoples instead of the shareholders of a few private interests.

Moreover, they must be able to fly over *all* countries without let or hindrance.

Make the Air Free

So the United Nations should agree *now* that the air shall be free, that no one country shall have the right to forbid the passage of peaceful transport.

They should go on to legislate the *use* of air transport, so that it cannot be usurped by greedy and reckless private speculators.

Saner Counsels

Such British spokesmen as Attlee and Eden, Cripps and Morrison, have stressed the need for a better system. They are clearly in agreement with Roosevelt, Wallace and Hull.

But the agreement must be broadened. It must be endorsed by all the United Nations. It must become positive planning, with machinery to carry out its provisions directly the war ends.

Getting Together

We are impatient for such action. We want to see not only the Americans and ourselves, but the Russians, Chinese and all the other Allies discussing and planning the peace.

For until this is done there can be no guarantee that the peace will be worth all the appalling sacrifices demanded of us in this war.

Year of Destiny

None can doubt that this will be a year of gigantic and resolute action against the Axis. Let it also mark the beginning of the offensive against those perpetual enemies of the human race—Want and Fear.

Before the year is far advanced the United Nations should announce to the world a united strategy for peace.

(Continued overleaf)

WAR TIME SECURITY GIFT FOR EVERY READER

The much-discussed Beveridge Plan aims to provide social security *after* the war. "John Bull" offers WAR TIME SECURITY NOW!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Comprehensive Household Benefits are also provided.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

CONSCRIPTION of women for nursing is now almost certain.

Appeals for volunteers have done little to fill the shortage, so acute that consumptive ex-Servicemen have waited months for treatment and women in childbirth have lacked the attention of a midwife.

Exploded Fallacy

Hitherto, the Government has been scared of compulsion because of the old idea that conscripts wouldn't work properly.

Civil Defence measures have disproved that notion. So, surely, have the Armed Forces.

Nursing the sick and wounded is not less essential than fighting fires or firing guns.

Fair Treatment

But before women are conscripted for the white-capped Army of Mercy the Government should see that conditions are raised to a decent level in *every* nursing institution.

True, pay has been raised. But hours of work are often disgracefully excessive, and the system of work is often disgracefully onerous.

Home Helps

Moreover, local councils should extend the "Home Helps" service.

Now operated in some 150 districts as part of the maternity and child welfare scheme, it provides helpers to do the "odd jobs" during a woman's confinement. Wisely, Mr. Bevin has agreed to regard this work as being of national importance for women over forty.

Missing Maid

We'd like him to start a scheme on similar lines whereby domestic servants would be posted to the homes which most needed them.

Consider the plight of a man and wife who both have responsible war jobs. The woman is too busy, too tired, for the cooking, shopping and cleaning to be done properly.

Her attempts to combine two jobs are affecting her health, yet she cannot find either maid or charwoman.

Transfer Them

Charwomen prefer to work in houses where the mistress is at home and able to give them a cup of tea in the morning.

But, next door to that war worker's house, an idle woman has a live-in servant. And there are thousands of similar cases where transference of labour should be ordered.

No Pay

Mark you, labour mobilisation can become a crying scandal unless administered with more common-sense than some officials seem to possess.

A soldier's wife was called-up for part-time work. She and three other women have now been employed for three weeks without receiving a penny of their wages.

No Consolation

The only excuse is that the money should have been sent from another town—but wasn't.

No excuse, in our view, can be found for the offer to one of the women of permission to apply for public assistance.

Skill at a Discount

No less monstrous is the experience of a Lancashire builder.

His workshop has machinery that would keep thirty men busy, but lately he received three days' notice to put up the shutters and take a job as a journeyman in another town. And what a job!

Making It Last

"Yesterday," he writes, "the foreman gave me twelve pieces of three by two; each had to have two half-inch holes bored in them. I was told they must last me the day—a day of 9¾ hours."

He adds that, with two labourers, he could finish in one week a job on which twenty-seven men have so far been working for several weeks.

And thus the "war work" goes on.

Knights at Arms

Much busier are the Beveridge Report critics, and now they're almost ready for open warfare.

Thus, Sir Alfred Beit suggests that we had better wait till after the war before deciding the pounds, shillings and pence of Sir William's scheme.

Sir Geoffrey Bourne retorts that the sooner we all begin to contribute our shillings, the sooner will the scheme become financially sound.

Behind the News

- **Extensive reshuffle of Allied military and civil chiefs is on the way. Fewer square pegs will be left in round holes.**
- *Gestapo agents have been attached to all French departmental bosses and mayors since Hitler marched in.*
- **Owing to desertions in Russia, Nazis have threatened reprisals on the families of men who do not fight to the end or until allowed to withdraw.**
- **Different technique to foreign troops—big rewards are promised survivors of victories and big pensions for dependants of those killed in action.**
- *Nazis fear that a revolution is shaping up in Finland; Mannerheim has been forced to purge his personal staff.*
- **Proportional Luftwaffe losses are now nearly twice as heavy as during the Battle of Britain.**
- **Nazis are having trouble with their secret agents in neutral countries because public opinion has become so strong that they fear arrest and deportation.**
- *British supplies to Russia along the new Middle East roads are becoming so important that Nazi propaganda has dropped all sneers at Anglo-Russian co-operation.*
- **Latest victim of Nazi reorganisation is Herr Bohle, Bradford-born chief of German organisation in neutral countries.**
- **Goebbels, worried by the ascendancy of the S.S. Black Guards in public life in Germany, has applied for membership. Himmler, who hates Goebbels, is delaying his reply.**
- *Rumanian oil wells are slowly drying up, much to Hitler's chagrin.*
- **Hitler's order to Rommel to join forces with Nehring in Tunisia will revive the quarrel between these two generals—one of them may be recalled.**

- **Gibraltar folk in London want to go home. They should be allowed to go.**

They have had a raw deal here, as we have observed before. And, this winter, some of them will still have to walk six times a day from the hostel to the canteen.

Not used to snow or slush, the mothers object to this trudge with their babies. Nor is it wise to make toddlers go through the rain and sit in their wet clothes to get a meal.

No hot drink for them at bedtime. There are no facilities to heat water in the bedrooms—and anyhow they can't get milk or sugar or tea because all food coupons are held by the canteen.

Back home in Gibraltar, there's plenty of work awaiting the grown-ups — so much that Spaniards are recruited to go daily into the British zone.

The best way to improve the comfort of these unfortunate guests is surely to see them home.

How to Save

Some skirmishers are objecting that a worker and his employer can't be expected to contribute 7s. 6d. a week between them for the benefits offered by the Beveridge plan.

Here, again, their fire has been quickly returned. Statistic experts point out that the average married worker with two children and the average employer are at present paying 10s. 2½d. a week in insurance for less benefits than Sir William proposes.

Doctor's Bill

Besides, his scheme is a good deal cheaper than that suggested by an association of our younger doctors.

Their plan would be less comprehensive, but give slightly more generous benefits. It would cost 1,050 million pounds a year, as against the Beveridge budget of 850 million.

Time to Plan

The real danger is not that the Beveridge plan will be shelved, but that the Government will accept only some of its provisions.

During the next few weeks a Ministry of Social Security will probably be set up to centralise the various systems of allowances and pensions.

A good start, certainly. But the new Ministry of Planning that we are promised threatens to make a bad start.

Half-hearted

It will apparently plan only the use of the land. It will have no concern with economic planning.

But unless an economic policy is laid down the future of the land cannot be decided. And so the new Ministry will be half-baked and half-hearted.

New Ideas

Nor are we mollified by the appointment of Mr. "Shakes" Morrison as Minister of Town and Country Planning.

Such a post calls, not for one of the Old Guard of professional politicians, but for a "strong man" with new ideas.

It is true that Mr. Morrison was once considered by the Tory Central Office as a potential Prime Minister. But that was a long time ago.

Ministry of Childhood

Medical men would like yet another Ministry—one to deal with all the social services for the young.

At present these services are variously handled by the Board of Education, the Ministry of Health, and the Home Office: a complication that causes waste and confusion.

So let us have a Ministry of Childhood!

Ideas Wanted

In one respect, at least, the Government is wisely preparing for the peace.

It is looking for new ideas for house building—ideas to save time, money and materials.

If you can help, send your proposals to the Committee on Methods of House Construction, Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Beating the U-boat

An entirely new plan of campaign for smashing the U-boat, we read, has been laid before the Cabinet's technical sub-committee.

Perhaps our recent strictures on the present old-fashioned, non-scientific methods hit home.

Shamed into Action

To descend from the mighty to the minor, we are also glad we used strong language to describe the earnings of a woman gatekeeper on the railway.

Her wages have been increased from 12s. to 44s. a week.

Golden Coffee

But don't expect us to be bitter about the high prices charged by many restaurants for coffee after a five-shilling dinner.

It's monstrous, of course, that a bulk purchase costing £7 can be made to yield £90. But, after all, you're not compelled to order coffee with your meal.

Unnecessary Journeys

Waste of transport continues. A W.A.A.F. whose home is in Middlesex has been posted to Anglesey; so has a girl who lives at Yarmouth. Both have to waste time and transport when they go on leave.

That applies to thousands of girls in the Forces, yet there seems no valid reason for not posting them nearer home.

One-fifth Efficient

As for waste of fuel, industrial concerns are still the worst offenders. The black spot is the North-West, where less than 20 per cent. of the steam-raising plants inspected have been found efficient.

The official spokesmen who scolded housewives for using more gas and electricity at Christmas could obviously have been better employed.

Food or Football!

An arms worker who lives at Romford has been trying to get an allotment since 1940. His garden adjoins a football club ground which is little used, and residents have petitioned the Ministry of Agriculture to acquire some of it.

Nothing was done.

Then they protested because the ground was overrun by weeds. Nothing was done.

The Ministry obviously owes them a proper inquiry.

For Dog-minders

Anyone looking after a dog for a relative in the Services or the Merchant Marine who is missing or a prisoner-of-war can apply for help with the dog licence to the National Canine Defence League, Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1.

SAVING—OR SABOTAGE!

IN this new year of justified hope, we in Britain have simply got to make a better effort to pay-as-we-go.

During Christmas week savings lumped by £3,500,000.

This was a poor show, look at it how you will.

But the Government has been largely to blame for not keeping the public up to scratch. Sensible, straightforward guidance would have stopped a lot of senseless extravagance.

If it imagined that Purchase Tax and price controls would stem seasonal extravagance, it was mistaken.

There was a general scramble to pay outrageous prices for goods which should never have been made, let alone offered for sale, at the peak of our national war effort.

Many people will contend that the country has responded handsomely to the "Lend to Defend" campaign.

So, up to a point, it has. But only up to a point, and that point is far below the maximum effort which the situation imperiously demands.

Consider the following facts.

In Great Britain and Northern Ireland there are now some 300,000 savings groups and 600,000 voluntary workers are collecting for them.

Moreover, new groups are being formed at the rate of roughly 1,000 a week.

But the estimated total of net small savings for 1942, put at £613,000,000, is only £2,000,000 higher than the total for 1941!

And yet during the past twelve months the national income of wage and salary earners is estimated to have risen by £762,000,000!

IT is true that taxation has also sharply increased and that large numbers of workers who never paid Income Tax before are doing so now.

Even so, large numbers of men and women have had a net increase of pay.

Again, during Christmas week the plain truth is that the nation's "small savings" worked out at only 3s. 0½d. per head!

We can do far better than that and—what is more—we *must* do far better if we really wish to hasten victory and prepare for peace.

Hitherto, millions of us have been either too greedy or too stupid to see that wasteful spending is just sabotage.

The news is good and prospects of victory brighter than ever before. But the fact that the United Nations are now attacking calls, in the words of Lord Kindersley, the National Savings chief, for "maximum effort from each one of us and rigid self-discipline."

Let's face it: the country is *not* responding fairly to that call.

"In point of fact," adds Lord Kindersley, "personal expenditure has been increasing, which means that we are rewarding our Fighting Forces for their sacrifices and heroism by impeding the war effort by selfish expenditure instead of increasing it by acts of self-discipline."

Money—or the national credit it represents—is a primary munition of war. It needs to be saved as jealously as coal or paper, rubber or scrap iron.

Inflation is a real peril, not an economic bogy. It threatens the community and it threatens the individual pocket no less.

And, unless we make up our minds to save this year harder than we have ever done, the peril will become more imminent, prices of all uncontrolled goods will soar still higher, and the Government may have to face the necessity of rationing spending itself.

JOHN BULL makes no apology for repeating some of the home truths which we put before readers in this page nine months ago.

For the position is serious. The note circulation last month was £10,000,000 up on the figure for December, 1941. It touched the all-time high record of £920,569,000.

Worse than that: it has been advancing steadily. If the present dangerous tendency is not checked, it may pass the £1,000,000,000 mark while the new year is still young

There is only one practical way to reverse the trend, and that is to save more and spend less.

The United States Government is less squeamish about this problem and much more forthright than our own.

No matter what "Big Business" and the big stores may think, it has asked American workers to save 10 per cent. of their wages.

This official appeal is meeting with a big response.

In many war industries American workers have signed a voluntary undertaking to accept 10 per cent. of their salaries in Government saving issues.

One or two factories are already entitled to fly the special pennant awarded to any unit that has secured 100 per cent. response from its workers.

We cannot understand why the British Treasury does not sponsor a similar effort here and encourage it in the same sort of way.

With our present taxation 10 per cent. *might* be too high for many workers. It might also be too low for others. But the *target* figure for savings has *got* to be high.

In Hammersmith the workers' savings groups have launched a "Bob in the Pound" League. That is in the right spirit, for almost everybody in full employment *could* save 5 per cent. of his or her net income.

Last March we headed our leader on this subject: "Pay Till It Hurts!" We stand by that title now, for any saving short of positive sacrifice means that we are doing less than our duty.

We pay ungrudging tribute to the huge army of voluntary workers who have been doing their utmost to make each savings group a success.

But the increasing demands of the Services are constantly depleting their ranks and the gaps must be filled.

Middleton, in Lancashire, nas shown the way to fill them by organising its own relief panel of volunteers pledged to take over the duties of any collector who may be called up.

We urge every savings group, great or small, to follow this excellent example.

But the plain, inescapable truth is that we individual citizens are, in the main, shirking our duty. We may be saving something, but we are not saving anything like what we COULD save.

Our hearts go out to the brave lads of the Merchant Marine, but we forget that every needless thing we buy puts an additional strain on national transport whether by sea or land or both.

WE profess to long for a "better world" after the war is won, but we do not actually make the sacrifices that its building will entail.

"It is our job at home"—quoting Lord Kindersley again—"to make the largest contribution possible towards financing the war in order that our men may come back to find, not the chaos of inflation, but the country's finances in such a condition that their economic future is secure, and that the nation is in a position to undertake the vast task of after-war reconstruction.

At all costs, moreover, we must provide more labour for the war factories. That means still further "concentration" of peace-time industries, still fewer supplies of "non-essential" goods.

This year, we just won't be able to buy the things we can well do without. Our money must instead be diverted to war savings.

Plans must be made *now* for this to be done.

The Government must tell the people the truth about our financial position, the financial facts that JOHN BULL has outlined. And the people will respond.

The Rent Ramp Is Growing

THERE'S plenty to laugh at in this season of pantomime.

But nothing funnier than a recent joke of the Ministry of Health.

That Ministry has just found the landlords of London *not guilty* of rent profiteering.

And, looking into surrounding counties, has found no evidence of over-high rents.

Has it sent its representatives to apply for advertised properties?

★ ★ ★

Has it asked the local authorities for full lists of complaints from tenants?

If so, it will find plenty of evidence of the biggest rent racket of all time.

The Ministry of Health should find out for itself, and not leave it to local authorities which may know little about the law.

We know of one authority—quite near London—which dismissed six complaints of rent overcharging at one meeting.

The Ministry advises: "Tell your local authority." These six people did.

One was informed: "This council has no time for people who agree to a price and then come along whining."

A second: "You wouldn't ask us to get your money back if you'd paid too much for salmon and eaten it."

That council had a clear duty.

Every residential property with an annual or rateable value of less than £100 a year in London, £90 in Scotland and £75 elsewhere—unless it is being let for the first time—has a Standard Rent.

That Standard Rent must not be exceeded.

The council should have found out whether that standard rent was exceeded.

If it was, it should have ordered a refund, or instituted proceedings.

If the Ministry of Health is going to listen to authorities like that it is always going to believe there is no profiteering.

★ ★ ★

Then many councils have told tenants: "You took the premises furnished, so we can do nothing."

Even courts have made that mistake.

The tenant overcharged in this way should go to the local authority, the local authority should take it to the court, and the court may inflict a fine up to £100.

Some of these local bigwigs laugh outright at complaints about furnished *rooms*.

★ ★ ★

But the law prescribes just as much protection for the tenant of furnished rooms.

Nor does the law permit such ruses as key money, introduction money, purchase of furniture at an excessive price, etc.

The Ministry of Health should compel local authorities to use their powers to prevent this profiteering.

And it should itself seek new powers to close admitted loopholes.

It should seek control of *all* residential property.

People of no great means are having to take houses over the annual or rateable value beyond which there is no control.

Yes, the Rent Ramp exists, although the Health Minister is blind to it.

He must be made to see the facts. And then to act.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. THOMAS JOHNSTON, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland

DEAR SIR,—Is the natural wealth of Britain to be owned and controlled by the people, or by private interests?

You, of course, would plump for the people every time; national ownership of national resources has always been a plank in your political platform.

But now you must beware lest you fall through a trapdoor in the platform. You must not let yourself be bamboozled by private interests into signing away the public's rights.

For years, as you know, Big Business has tried to get Parliament's permission to harness the lochs and streams of the Highlands, and thus develop hydro-electric power for Scottish industries.

The profit motive was so blatant that Parliament would have nothing to do with the scheme.

Only last September, another attempt to push through a Grampian Electricity Bill was killed. And it was you who operated the humane-killer.

Rightly, you pointed out that by conferring natural resources on a private company the Bill would not assist but tie the hands of administrators who must plan the future of Scotland.

Big Business heeded the lesson. It has become canny.

No longer does it stress the profit motive. Now it disguises the motive by appeals to save the population of the Highlands!

Lord Cooper's report suggests a public utility corporation—somewhat on the lines of London Transport—to provide electricity for nearly two-thirds of Scotland.

Big Business has warmly welcomed the suggestion. That alone is suspicious. And the suspicion becomes darker when one realises that some of the objectionable features of the private Bills are now enshrined in an official report which has your blessing.

I hope you will re-read the report in the light of this criticism and see that your Bill well and truly safeguards the people.

If a monopoly is to be created, it must be a monopoly for public benefit. It must be owned by the public. It must be operated by the public.

It must *not* allow private financiers to work it for the benefit of their own pockets. It must *not* perpetuate the evils that were so trenchantly attacked in a book you wrote many years ago: "Financiers and the Nation."

Certainly the industries of Scotland must be developed, cheap power provided to the folk living in remote areas, and the whole country brought to a measure of prosperity which it has never enjoyed before.

But that won't be achieved by any "public utility corporation" which leaves half a dozen doors wide open to private monopolists!

Sweep all hydro-power in Scotland into one Government-controlled corporation. If ultra-Tory Ulster could do it, why can't you?—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Food growers and consumers alike are being fleeced and humbugged. Never have middlemen had a richer vegetable harvest.

One farmer sent a 45-lb. sack of brussels sprouts to market.

It fetched 4s., of which 5d. went in rail charges and 9d. for commission. The farmer thus received rather less than 1d. per pound.

Yet sprouts are being sold in the shops at 5d. per pound.

The same grower gets not quite 1d. for a cabbage. The housewife buys it for 4d.

As for cauliflowers, she must pay anything from 1s. 3d. to 2s. each. Market men admit that they could be sold at half the price and still yield a good profit.

"But why," they demand, "shouldn't we get what we can?"

No answer has been provided, unfortunately, in the schedule of controlled prices which you have just issued. It will make the housewife pay 7½d. for sprouts and 6½d. per pound for Spring cabbage this month.

In future, I hope, you will scale down such costs and thus reduce the preposterous profits now being made by middlemen—even if you have to reorganise the whole trade.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Of all the incredible defects in official policy, none is stranger than the neglect of children's clothing needs.

No provision has been made for all-wool underwear for boys. For infants and girls there are only three ranges of utility wear—against a range of nine types for men and six for women.

Yet, as any parent and any doctor will tell you, it is much more important for boys to have good underclothing than top garments.

Indeed, I believe most parents would rather go short of woollen clothing themselves to keep their children protected against illness and hardship.

I hear that some of your officials are "investigating" the present scarcity. Don't let them wait till the winter is over before making up their minds.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Prime Minister

DEAR SIR,—Once again the New Year's Honours List is remarkable for its omissions.

Wavell deserves his promotion to Field Marshal. So, no doubt, does Gort. But Alexander's withdrawal from Burma was as masterly as the Dunkirk retreat—and he has also saved Egypt.

Your doctor is made a baron, and I hope the honour will enliven his contributions to the B.B.C. Brains Trust. But there is no mention of the discoverers of new drugs which have saved tens of thousands of lives in this war.

The Order of Merit is bestowed upon a legal historian. No such high reward goes to the scientists who beat the magnetic mine and thus saved ships and seamen.

What an opportunity you've missed!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. C. WHITE, Civil Service Clerical Association

DEAR SIR,—I foresee plenty of scope for the committee of three—Herbert Morrison, Sir Kingsley Wood and Harcourt Johnstone—which will prune the Civil Service of surplus labour.

You, I gather, would like the comb-out to start with "the young people in the higher grades who have come in since the war because of influence."

But I am equally concerned with the large number of lesser-grade people employed only to minister to the conceit of departmental chiefs who like to boast of the size of their staff.

Higher and lower grades alike should be subject to the same test—is their work really necessary and are they the best people for the job?—JOHN BULL.

"Give Us This Day . . ."

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

BELOW me—far below—London's East End sprawled in all its grey ugliness, thousands of little houses, massed in clumps, lay amid factories and warehouses.

Perhaps, I thought, those houses feel that by standing close together they can meet more confidently the hard challenge of Life.

★ ★ ★

The building line was broken here and there by open spaces—mute evidence of the blitz and memorials to the undying spirit of the people who live in the little houses.

But as the keen wind, sweeping up the Thames, ruffled my hair, I was not recalling the greatness of the East End in its weeks of agony—I was intoning voicelessly The Lord's Prayer.

"Give us this day our daily bread," I said to myself. Our *daily* bread.

A few score miles from me, across the swirling waters of the English Channel, and for hundreds of miles beyond, millions of people pray in vain for bread.

They don't pray for the wholesome, health-giving bread which blesses the homes of Britain; they pray for *any* bread—black bread, grey bread, potato bread, any bread which will drive away the torment and the misery of hunger.

Few of us in this country pray for our daily bread—pray, as we should, in earnestness, in truth and in thankfulness.

We take for granted the wonder of the daily loaf. We take for granted, as a natural right, the fact that we, alone of the peoples of Europe, have cheap, good, unrationed bread.

Never since the war began has a town, a village, or a home gone short of bread. Throughout the fiercest blitzes supplies have been constant. No emergency has proved beyond the power of the men and machines whose task it is to maintain those supplies.

"Give us this day our daily bread." I looked down on the huddled houses and I thought of the serenity of villas and mansions set in the beauty of woods and pastures, hills and dales.

★ ★ ★

In those luxurious homes as well as in poor streets there should be thankfulness.

Thankfulness for a Navy and a Merchant Navy that has enabled men of vision to build up and maintain huge reserves of wheat in this country.

Thankfulness, too, for a great, efficient organisation which has ensured supplies of flour and bread for crowded cities and lonely hamlets.

These thoughts—and more—came to me as I surveyed below the busy East End scene.

The reason? I was standing on top of a great flour mill and I was still quickened by the wonders I had seen.

From golden grain to sacked flour—the endless activity goes on night and day, weekday and Sunday.

★ ★ ★

Through alerts innumerable and through the hellish nights of bombing men and machines worked on so that Britain could be fed. For Bread was—and is—weapon No. 1 against Hitler.

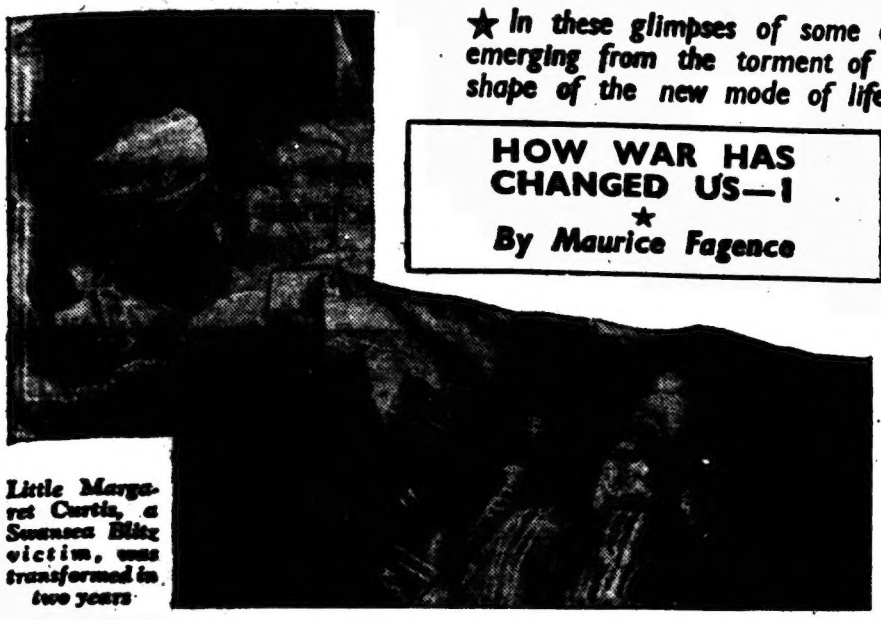
The good grain, transmuted into energy, keeps the giant factories going as surely as does coal or electricity. It is at once the source of our well-being and the reserve of our power.

In its abundance lies one reason for our salvation; and, alike in its abundance, lies the salvation of Europe's starving millions after the war.

Behind Britain's unrationed war time loaf is the story, yet untold, of great enterprise, great endeavour and, above all, of great vision.

It is a story symbolic of the courage and determination of a fighting race.

And it tells why the words "Give us this day our daily bread" are a reality in Britain to-day and not a vain repetition, as they are, alas! in unhappier and less-blessed lands.



Little Margaret Curtis, a Swansea Blitz victim, was transformed in two years

★ *In these glimpses of some of the remarkable discoveries emerging from the torment of war, you'll see a little of the shape of the new mode of life that must come with victory*

HOW WAR HAS CHANGED US—1

★

By Maurice Fagence

Death Verdicts Swept Aside

SOME years ago I made a hospital inquiry about a Tottenham police-constable badly burned while performing one of the most heroic deeds of the year.

To my surprise the matron invited me to see him.

He was in bed, his burned head and hands swathed in bandages.

I tried to talk about his rescue of a whole family from a blazing house—he about Queen's Park Rangers.

And we arranged to meet again . . . "when I'm out in a week or so."

The matron whispered to me as I left.

"You won't see that brave fellow again," she said. "He can't live. That's why I let you see him."

Quick Lessons

She explained that death was certain if what seemed to me an amazingly small area of the body was burned.

And when I rang the hospital that night they told me he was dead.

This came back to me when, at the Ministry of Health the other day, an official was explaining to me the revolutionary improvements in surgery and medicine resulting from the war.

On this matter of burning. Bringing back to health and strength and reasonably good looks lads who have crashed in blazing aeroplanes and people who have been dragged out of bombed buildings like human torches has taught us more in three years than we might have expected in thirty.

For consider these two cases of many:

Number one: During the worst attack on Coventry a heavy bomb dropped almost on the feet of a fireman.

He actually fell head-first in the crater made by the bomb.

Paving-stones piled up round him and held him as if in a vice—upside-down!

A steampipe burst beneath him, subjecting him throughout four hours to a torrent of boiling steam.

And . . . he lives.

New Faces

He wants one new grafted ear and modern surgical science will turn him out as a quite presentable member of Society, thanks to the war.

Case two: A bomb dropped on and totally demolished a London house, the wreckage of which burst into flames.

A little baby was buried beneath the blazing debris, somewhere in which lay the dead bodies of his parents.

When that child was dragged out more than two-thirds of its delicate skin had been scourged by flames.

Remember the figure two-thirds, for the matron I mentioned earlier on told me how little hope there was if one-third was burned.

Remember, too, that burning was not all that child suffered. Yet——

"I saw him the other day," said the Ministry of Health man I spoke to. "A baby to look at and admire."

Both those people would have died of their injuries five years ago.

And they would have died of shock, anyhow, if the war hadn't taught us so much of that once very mysterious condition.

This war has already saved 10,000 people from death by cerebro-spinal meningitis.

When war broke out 66 per cent. of sufferers used to die, and not many years before that 90 per cent.

And survivors all used to be doomed to paralysis, mental trouble, or crippled limbs.

To-day the death-rate is well under 20 per cent—in some hospitals less than 10 per cent.

And the vast majority of those who recover become normal healthy, happy people again.

Finding the Carrier

We've learnt so much about *causes* all round. We used to know little more than that this particular disease was one of overcrowding.

We know now that a country boy may be an unsuspected carrier and never transmit it to anyone until he has to share accommodation with fellows from the city, which is exactly what he has to do in war time!

Then facial paralysis used to be a torment to many members of the medical profession.

Early in the war boys used to crawl out of the wreckage of their 'planes with their faces distorted by it—and we could do little about it.

Now we graft a nerve from one part of the body to another, and all is well.

Ear-drums burst. We used to think that was the end of hearing.

But now we let them heal, just as you would your hand or leg. And hearing is unimpaired.

Bombing tends to blow away upper and lower eyelids. Or they may be burnt off, being the thinnest part of the face.

We graft new eyelids now—complete with eyelashes and eyebrows, and blinking just like the real thing.

Actually no branch of the healing art has advanced so considerably this war time as plastic surgery

An untold story of the last war was that shockingly disfigured men were given night telephone operating jobs by the G.P.O., so that they could earn a living without being seen in the broad light of day by their fellows.

But no victim of this war will be so disfigured as to terrify.

Even With Drugs!

Already men have had their heads hollowed out by cruel wounds—and filled in by the same means as you will fill a toothless mouth with artificial dentures.

Another aspect—because of the Japanese we are short of drugs, although not nearly so short as the Germans.

But a useful substitute has been found for every one—including quinine.

And every chemist in the land has been given such instruction that dispensing with the new drugs is standardised throughout the country and the worst cases get the rarest drugs.

In a hundred other ways war has taught us how to give a better deal to victims of ill-health or injury.

We run 'bus services between hospitals—"inter-hospital communications" as they are called. The idea now growing is to get the patient to the hospital where he is best understood and most efficiently treated.

And to-day—lesson of the blitzes!—we have flying-squads of experts to track down epidemics wherever they occur.

In a Few Hours

Arriving recently in a town where there was an outbreak of paratyphoid one squad traced the source to a certain bakery within a few hours.

The carrier who was transmitting the disease *via* bread was at once put in a job where he will have no need to handle public food again.

Then one of the greatest war time improvements in our health services concerns what doctors call "rehabilitation."

You are not content now to heal a patient and then—possibly with his job gone as well as his ability to do the job—turn him out into the world to fend for himself.

You try to teach him how to return to his trade and, if that is a physical impossibility, some job suited to him which physical handicap doesn't prevent him doing.

But I am not going to give either doctors or Ministry of Health full credit for the fact that we are a healthier nation than before the war—and this despite certain black spots like the increase in tuberculosis.

Simpler food, less concentration on our private worries, school meals, increased employment—these and scores of other factors contribute to that happy result.

But a word of caution on this subject. We have been lucky enough to escape serious epidemic.

Relief for Millions

And the ill-effects to health from the black-out and other such war time necessities are of a slowly mounting character, and we cannot gauge them yet.

It is good to know, however, that all the effects of war are not on the debit side, that out of the worst horrors of battlefield and bombing is growing the sort of national health system we should have had generations back.

NEXT WEEK:
THE OTHER AIR WAR

A DREAM ENDS IN SHOCKS FOR GERMANY

A SMALL goods train had just pulled in at the marshalling yards of a Berlin station to be greeted by a formidable array of Nazi officials.

Reporters interviewed the driver, and Press cameras clicked like typewriters.

It was, the Nazi Press announced triumphantly next day, the first food train from the Ukraine.

German leader-writers excelled themselves in describing the importance of the event. Food trains like this would now arrive regularly.

* * *

For more than a year now the German people have read, heard, thought about the Ukraine.

They approved the measures of Backe, the Nazi Minister of Agriculture, who ordered the transfer of Tyrolean and Bavarian peasants to the Ukraine.

They even gladly allowed their small children to be recruited for the job. Hundred thousands of them have spent the summer a thousand miles away from their homes, working on the land from which the Russian peasants had been driven.

* * *

What oil and agricultural machines the Nazis could spare to replace the destroyed Russian implements were sent to the Ukraine.

And next Spring, so Germans heard every week, every day, every hour in speeches, on the wireless, the Ukraine would yield its immense riches.

Now Germans will read of the Ukraine again!

It has come back into the news with a bang. But it is war news, news of fighting which makes the headlines now.

Though, so far, the advance of Russian armies has only reached the fringe of the Ukraine, the vast hinterland, once thought secure for agricultural exploitation, again becomes a supply base for German armies.

* * *

Hastily built farmhouses must be transformed into strong points hundreds of miles behind the actual fighting zone. Imported farmers must down their tools and take up rifles to defend their spoils.

It must be a shattering blow to morale all over Germany. It will hit where it hurts most.

It affects the German housewife who was waiting for flour from the Ukraine.

It must sorely disappoint the hungry German worker who expected better meals.

It will force the Germans to cut the rations of their struggling armies who can no longer live on the land where they are fighting.

Many German farmers will return to Germany; the Nazi children will have to be taken back.

Their return heralds the end of a pleasant dream that has turned into a nightmare.

Germany knows all right that the threat to the Ukraine brings back the prospect of starvation.

WHERE WILL THE CRACK

★ *A. G. G. surveys this dramatic question with his usual cool and balanced analysis of the swiftly moving situation. His conclusions are confident, but he is careful, as always, to stress the danger of blinking at the big obstacles still in our path*

The total of prisoners is growing—and so is disillusionment. It is clear in the faces of this batch of Germans and Italians captured in North Africa

By A. G. GARDINER

THE tidal wave rolls on with impressive momentum. It roars like an avenging fury over the devastated lands of Russia. It sweeps across the Mediterranean from Morocco to Egypt.

It beats with gathering violence against the western wall of Hitler's prison. Its thunders are heard from the far-off Pacific.

As our sky clears, the sky of Germany darkens. Her plot has failed and she stands at bay. Her control of the war is snatched from her.

She fights to our order and she fights with growing disparity of power. On land, on sea and in the air she is overtaken and passed, and she knows that she can never recover her lead.

And as the war tide turns against her, the rottenness of her empire of violence is exposed. Italy is tottering to her fall. France is back in the war again in Africa.

The terrorised countries are shaking off fear and turning defiant—witness the bold action of the 1,000 magistrates in Belgium. And the neutrals are swinging with the tide—witness the signs in Sweden, in Turkey, in Spain, in the Argentine.

* * *

When and where will the crack come that will precipitate that "sudden smashing collapse" which General Smuts predicts?

I ASK IN NO SPIRIT OF BLIND OPTIMISM. THERE ARE STILL DANGERS TO BE OVERCOME.

The U-boat menace is one. The shocking riot of national extravagance is another. We are spending like wastrels. We are spending what we should lend, and in doing so are, as Lord Kindersley says, "prolonging the war and becoming the allies of Hitler."

Abolish these perils and we can not only win. We can win this year. And this should be our target. We have got the enemy on the ropes.

With our enormous superiority of resources we should drive him through the ropes by the autumn.

As to where the crack will come, let us remember Mr. Churchill's hint that the war may end in the West before it ends in the East.

That is as it should be. First things first, and there is no doubt about Enemy No. 1. Knock out Germany and the rest will follow as the night the day.

* * *

This does not imply a contempt for Japanese toughness. In one sense, and that a very vital one, Japan is a tougher problem than Germany.

In that remarkable book, "Report from Tokyo," which Mr. Joseph Grew, late U.S. Ambassador to Japan, has just published in America, he makes an impressive comparison of the Germans and the Japs. It is so pertinent to my point that I quote it:

"I know Japan," he says. "I lived there for ten years. I know the Japanese intimately. They won't crack morally or psychologically or economically even when eventual defeat stares them in the face. They'll pull in their belts another notch, reduce their rations from a bowl of rice to half a bowl of rice and fight to the bitter end."

"I know Germany," he goes on. "I lived there for nearly ten years. I know Germans well: truculent and bullying and domineering when on the crest of the wave, demoralised in defeat. The Germans cracked in 1918. I have stedfastly believed and I believe to-day that when the tide of battle turns against them they will crack again."

Yes, it was the home front on which Germany cracked in 1918. It is the home front on which she will crack again, when she knows that the tide of battle has turned inexorably against her.

* * *

THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL COME IN A BLINDING FLASH ON THE DAY THAT THE HITLER MYTH VANISHES INTO THIN AIR. THERE IS NO PARALLEL IN ALL HISTORY TO THIS MYTH, EITHER IN MAGNITUDE OR ACHIEVEMENT.

It could have been blown by no people but the Germans, who are a nation of sheep with the instincts of barbarians. That they are educated barbarians only intensifies their barbarism.

"The Germans," said Goethe, "are naturally cruel. Education will make them ferocious."

But they are also sheep (as Hitler observes in "Mein Kampf") and need an idol to worship and awaken their native blood lust.

Hence the Hitler myth. In any civilised community such a brazen and transparent tub-thumper would have been at best a public joke and at worst a public nuisance.

His astounding success was due to his appeal to all that is barbaric in the German soul, to the skill with which he played on the hates and fears of his people, to the mighty war engine he was allowed to build up in secret, and to the ghastly failure of Europe to call his bluff in time.

Now in the fourth year of an orgy of

How the Nazi Tune is Changing

A YEAR ago—and even until quite recently—the Nazis still promised the German people Heaven on Earth if they won.

Now they are trying to scare them with eternal Hell if they lose.

I have been comparing German newspapers around Christmas and New Year's Eve of 1941 with those of the corresponding period one year later, which have just reached this country.

★ ★ ★

The change of tone—or, rather, the change of tune—is amazing.

It reflects more than the decisive change in the general military situation.

It means that the German people no longer believe in victory—and that the Nazi leaders are aware of it.

The weight of the grown-up people—the men who suffer and die on the Russian front and the women who suffer and toil on the home front—is beginning to tell, even if their judgment is still misty by ten years of mental poisoning.

And so Germans are no longer discussing the prospects of victory. They are whispering about the prospects of defeat.

Goebbels, who always was and still is the cleverest among the ruling gangsters, was also the first to realise this capital change in the minds of the German people.

He decided to make the best of it. Boldly he ordered a complete switch-over in home propaganda.

Since people were talking about defeat, everything should be done to make the thought of defeat as terrifying as possible.

If they had ceased to believe in victory, let them at least hold out by fear of what a new 1918 would mean not only for their country, but for each of them.

★ ★ ★

But that is only one side.

Himmler has taken charge of the other part. What Goebbels' propaganda cannot achieve, terrorism will have to do.

The Gestapo and the S.S. certainly can't force the people to believe again in victory once they have lost their faith. But they will see to it that the germ of defeatism does not spread too rapidly.

The Germans will soon experience an orgy of internal persecution which will overshadow all they have experienced so far.

★ ★ ★

The worse the military situation develops, the more brutal the treatment of all enemies at home will be.

All the men—and they are hundreds of thousands, especially in the S.S.—who know that they are marked when Nazism collapses, are determined to sell their skins as dearly as possible.

But even that will come to an end. Neither Goebbels' propaganda of fear, nor Himmler's barbarism will save Nazi Germany.

As Edward G. Robinson said the other day, when addressing American soldiers here: "I have many times played the part of a gangster. But did you notice that, in the end, the gangster never wins?"

Victor Schiff.

COME ?

horrors unexampled in human history the myth is exploded in all the world—except Germany. I say "except Germany," because until Hitler's visible overthrow we must suppose that it still prevails there.

But how long can it prevail against the tidal wave of events that is surging in upon Germany from all quarters of the compass?

FROM THE FATAL DAY THAT HE LAUNCHED HIS ATTACK ON RUSSIA, HITLER HAS SUFFERED NOTHING BUT SHATTERING FAILURES.

And the failures have been his and his alone, as his fellow-gangster Goering skilfully hinted in his panic speech in Berlin last Spring.

It was he who insisted on the Moscow catastrophe last winter in the teeth of Brauchitsch's advice.

It was he who engineered the Stalingrad and Caucasus catastrophe this winter in the face of von Bock's judgment.

It is he who has smashed the German General Staff, cashiered (or "removed") every reputable soldier from Halder downwards and surrounded himself with the servile creatures of the Nazi gang who know no law but his bidding.

WITH THE SPECTRE OF DEFEAT ADVANCING REMORSELESSLY ON ALL FRONTS, HOW LONG CAN HITLER KEEP THE HOME FRONT AT BAY?

He knows, and has often said, that it was on that front that the last war was lost. It was on that front that demoralisation set in and spread to the navy and the army. He has sworn that that shall not happen again.

Through his creature Himmler and the Gestapo he has put the nation in irons. All Germany is armed to the teeth—against itself.

* * *

But in spite of all his precautions the breaking point will come. You cannot keep a nation permanently under hatches. It may come soon—very soon. It may come in one of many forms.

Events in Russia may bring it. Sensational things are afoot there that may at any moment stab Germany to the heart.

Or the fall of Italy and the jackall may light the flame.

Or the shattering and unanswered blows on the German cities may break the German nerve.

And the High Command may light the match. It has a long acount to settle with Hitler, and is only waiting till public feeling is ripe for action.

Whatever the instrument and whatever the occasion, Hitler's number is up. The myth he has created has gone with the wind.

He is no longer a legend of victory. He is the agent of ruin and catastrophe to Germany itself. And Germany's war machine will not survive the fall.

Germany will not be a nice place to be in when the people and the hated Gestapo are locked in a death grapple.

WITH EVERY STITCH OF OUR CANVAS LET OUT, HITLER SHOULD NOT SEE THIS YEAR THROUGH.

AND, IN SPITE OF HER TOUGHNESS, JAPAN WILL NOT LONG STAY THE COURSE WHEN THE UNITED RESOURCES OF BRITAIN, U.S.A. AND CHINA ARE RELEASED AGAINST HER.

Ominous Signs Among the Axis Puppets

★ Hitler's allies and satellites are not a very happy family just now, and the New Year brings the first authentic evidence of serious rifts in the Axis camp

Not so long ago Antonescu hung on every word uttered by Hitler, but now . . .

STATESMEN who were regarded as Fascist puppets have found their independent voice again. As they see Germany and Italy in the grip of deadly campaigns, struggling for survival rather than for victory, they are wondering whether they cannot extricate themselves from what seems the inevitable catastrophe of the Axis.

They are making no secret about their present attitude towards Hitler. However servile they have been in the past their public statements now show little subservience to Axis wishes and requests.

For weeks Hitler has tried to put pressure on Hungary. He wants more Hungarian troops for the Russian front.

But Hungary, far from conceding this request, orders the withdrawal of their divisions which, their military authorities say, urgently need a rest.

Defies Old Master

When Hitler replies with veiled threats, Premier Kallay of Hungary makes a sensational speech.

That same man who applauded every one of Hitler's aggressions now defies his old master.

"I am against the New Order or any other programme for the future!" he states boldly.

And even more candidly: "German National Socialism should not be dragged into Hungary's internal policy at all. We want to preserve an independent Hungary!"

A year ago such a speech from an Axis ally would have brought the sternest rebuke from Germany. But Kallay to-day knows that Germany has no means of punishing Hungary.

Hungarian politicians frankly refuse to introduce Hitler's anti-Jewish laws into their country. While the world is united in condemnation of Nazi atrocities Hungarians want to escape the wrath of retribution.

From Finland we can hear similar voices. Both Finland's President Ryti and Field-Marshal Mannerheim must be wondering whether they have not backed the wrong horse.

Anyway, President Ryti is now speaking of "Democracy and the Right of Small Nations."

Separate Peace

He goes even farther. He has allowed unmistakable evidence to emanate from Finland showing that the country is ready for a separate peace.

Ryti and Mannerheim have been careful not to offend the Allies in any of their speeches. They have clung to what contacts they have with the friends of the United Nations.

They have clearly stated that Finland only wants to "defend its frontiers," inviting a guarantee of Finland's independence from whoever is prepared to give it.

And Finnish newspapers have refused to echo Nazi confidence about the course the war is taking. They are not hiding the fact that Finland is utterly exhausted by the war, a land of cripples and paupers which only the resources of the Allies can put on its feet again.

Hitler cannot be happy, either, about the spectacle which politics in Rumania provide. There the prestige of his puppet Antonescu is dwindling, turning into contempt from his own people who are suffering in the service of Germany.

Maniu, the Rumanian peasant leader and anti-Nazi, has become a public hero. And Antonescu does—or can do—little to check his popularity.

Maybe he hopes that Maniu will help Rumania to extricate herself from the grip of Germany.

Never Happened Before!

Antonescu himself has for the first time opposed new Axis demands for troops and food supplies from Rumania and even confronted Hitler with counter-demands.

Such things have never before happened to the Fuehrer!

In Greece the one-time quisling Tsolakoglu, so eager to become his country's first pro-Axis Premier, has now resigned. His belief that he will thereby escape the penalty for his treason is absurd, but it shows the way the wind is blowing.

There are hundreds of minor Axis officials in other countries who, like him, seem suddenly to show little enthusiasm for their jobs.

Changes in the Fascist administration and governments of Nazi-controlled countries are not due to the usual purges of unreliable elements, but rather to a general tendency of office-holders to retire from public life before the hour of revenge strikes.

Their once much-coveted posts appear to them no longer as very enviable positions, and they hope that their names—and their misdeeds—will be forgotten when their victims are liberated.

Even nearer the heart of the Axis, inside Italy itself, changes of vital significance can no longer be hidden.

One prominent Italian after another seems to stake a claim to become Mussolini's successor and step into the Duce's shoes when the time comes for Italy to make peace with the United Nations.

They cannot do it quite as openly as Kallay, Mannerheim or Maniu.

But Italy is using a familiar Axis technique to make her feelings known in the right quarters. Rumours are rife about Italian public figures who want to remind the Allies that they are actually our friends.

And such rumours, we know, almost always emanate from the persons whom they concern.

One of them is Count Grandi, who had many friends while he was Italian Ambassador in London.

There is no doubt that Grandi regards himself as "acceptable" to the Allies as leader of Italy, if he can swing his country round and away from Germany.

Even more significant is the position into which Marshal Badoglio has manœuvred himself.

To the world at large he has become a symbol of hostility to Mussolini. No word of protest, no declaration of loyalty to the Italian dictator has marred this universal impression.

Badoglio defied Mussolini and frankly disagreed with his fantastic war plans. He has not forgiven the Duce for sacking him ignominiously.

He is biding his time now. But Mussolini has no more powerful, popular or determined enemy inside Italy.

And even though the Italian Crown Prince has accepted a high command in the Italian army, he was careful not to lead this army into action against the Allies.

Those who know him best insist that he hopes to be King of Italy long after Mussolini has disappeared from the scene and his father, the present King, has been sent into exile.

Post-war Plans

More startling even than these surprising signs of the Axis' changing fortunes of war is a report from Germany which not even Goebbels dared to deny.

It concerns Dr. Schacht, the mystery finance wizard behind the scene of the Nazi régime.

Dr. Schacht, high-necked, "conservative," internationalist by profession, has helped Germany to re-arm and to finance her vast preparations for war.

But to-day Dr. Schacht is credibly reported to be working out the economic plans for a post-war Germany after her defeat.

His scheme is based entirely on the assumption that Hitler will lose the war.

It is a unique spectacle! Anti-Hitler quislings are sharpening their knives to stab their old Nazi friends in the back and present themselves to the Allies as "collaborators."

There can be little doubt that Hitler knows all this. He must hear the thin voices of the many rats who are trying to leave his sinking ship.

Doubtful Allies

He may yet order his assassins out to deal with the doubtful allies in his camp. He may yet ask the S.S. and Gestapo to clamp down on the formidable opposition in Axis countries before it grows and threatens to overwhelm him.

But to-day Hitler is obviously powerless to check the incipient revolt among his former friends.

W. F.

SCANDAL OF THE SHELTERS

HERE is a job for air raid wardens who complain they are being "browned off" in these comparatively raid-free days.

Let them guard the public shelters.

Those all-important structures have suffered millions of pounds worth of damage at the hands of vandals in recent months.

Unless some protection is afforded them quickly there won't be many of them there when the great need again arises.

The authorities could afford to pay Civil Defence workers a little extra for undertaking the new duties—and then be better off for the deal.

These war workers are not highly paid, in any case—and the inducements to earn extra money are few.

Deliberate wreckers are certainly creating a grave situation.

Glasgow has had to spend something like £70,000 making good shelter damage done by vandals.

Liverpool sends loud-speaker vans round the streets appealing to the public to protect their shelters—but the vandalism still goes on.

Carlisle reports that every bit of damage that can be done to shelters has been done already.

Record of Hooliganism

Even the brick fabric has been stolen in parts of Manchester.

But these are just instances. The cities named have no worse a record of hooliganism than a hundred other centres that could be named. In fact, they are cities where civic vigilance is at its best.

Beds have been stolen. Manhole covers from the tops of ventilating shafts. Bricks. Concrete supports.

Doors have been torn off hinges and carried away. Gas-proof curtains have been torn down and stolen.

Even public street signs directing the public to shelters—and the boards displayed outside—have been taken for firewood.

In some districts a clean sweep has been made of emergency tools—even the tools on which the lives of people buried under buildings depend.

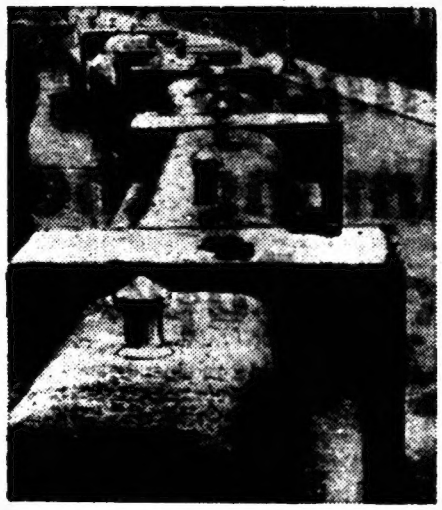
Lust to Destroy

And it isn't always plain, downright theft.

Dozens of huge water-tanks, erected at a cost of thousands of pounds, have been made to collapse.

Others have been punctured with nails.

Water receptacles made of concrete have been picked to pieces before the concrete has set.



It is amazing how people can so soon forget how much these shelters meant to them in the blitz

In Carlisle vandals actually broke through three heavy doors for the rare pleasure of puncturing with pickaxes the tanks of a public drinking supply!

And many towns report that shelter lighting has been taken away entirely—brackets, bulbs, lamps, switches and even the wire itself, which in some cases has been dragged out of the walls.

I sent one of my representatives on a tour of London.

He found one shelter for 500 people with its doors ripped off, its floors bestrewn with garbage and rubbish, its walls adrip with water.

In the East End of London he found another just as deficient as the last, but with all electric fittings gone and the floors covered with human filth.

A Holborn councillor informed him that deliberate damage has now reached the point at which wrecking is done at a faster rate than it is possible to get supplies for the carrying out of repairs.

The Holborn Borough Council carries out regular inspections—and still the wrecking continues.

But no London area has found conditions quite so bad as in the districts of Scotland, where 40 per cent. of the shelters would be unusable in the case of a raid.

Lives at Stake

I am not so worried about the fact that scores of millions of pounds have been spent on these shelters up and down the country.

There is something more important invested in them—the lives of hundreds of thousands of people.

And because of the continual need to carry out repairs, less labour is available for housing war workers, building aerodromes and war factories, and making camps more comfortable for the troops.

These *saboteurs*—whether greed or a love of destruction is their motive—are doing Adolf Hitler's work for him.

There must be regular inspection of each and every shelter.

Every one of them must be guarded by *somebody*—and Civil Defence workers seem to be the best people available for the job.

Good Work Forgotten

They won't mind being made a bit busier.

They know what a struggle it is to live on their little money—and they know that the people who keep their wages low are the folk who point at them as people with little work to do.

Good work in the raids is soon forgotten!

Many authorities are concerned with the building, maintenance and cleaning of public shelters. Two at least are Government Departments.

Let them decide among themselves who is responsible for the broad obligation of seeing that they are ready for the public when the raids come—clean, well-ventilated, properly fitted, and *safe*.

And let the chosen authority institute its system of guards now.

For many official spokesmen have warned us that heavy raids might be resumed in the late winter—and truly Hitler might be compelled by the people of his bomb-shattered cities to retaliate against us in deeds instead of words.

If that happens, many of our air raid shelters will be found to be death-traps; many thousands more too unhealthy from the point of view of hygiene and ventilation to be usable. It is due to the lull in heavy bombing that so much damage has been done to the shelters. Many of the wreckers imagine the shelters will never be needed again.

That lull has also made many authorities lackadaisical. Hence, no proper supervision, and no guards.

It is a dangerous mood. And it must disappear.

AN IMPOSTOR WITH MANY NAMES

MANY bogus war heroes are going about preying on the sympathies of charitably minded people.

The most audacious is a man who uses at least a dozen aliases. His real name is John George Wright.

Over six feet, aged about sixty, with greying hair, blue eyes, and a good presence he walks with a stick on account of a limp.

He obtains money on the strength of amazing stories.

Sometimes he talks of Sandhurst days, of his service in the Boer War or Great War, and passes variously as a chief petty officer, a leading seaman, an engineer-commander, captain of a mine sweeper, troop or squadron sergeant-major, and a naval captain.

Often he claims service in the s.s. *British Merchant*, in the 20th Hussars, the Royal Navy, the 11th and 13th Hussars and the Munster Fusiliers.

One favourite story is that while serving with the s.s. *British Merchant* he was attacked at a South American port and robbed of everything. Even his medals were taken.

He is either waiting for a pension, for money from the Admiralty, or from relatives or well-known firms or charitable institutions.

Wright has been convicted on numerous occasions for false pretences, and is known to the Admiralty, Scotland Yard and to the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust by the aliases of "George Sidney Herbert," "John Wright," "Fred Southgate," "Charles Rutherford-Collins," "Roland Stuart" and "George Agar."

He was recently in the Harwich district, where he was in possession of official correspondence which seemed to substantiate his stories.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. F. Ivey, of Trewbreage, near Helston, Cornwall, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for some interesting information.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or swindle, and should be addressed: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93-4, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

SHOULD CONVICTS SERVE?

● Yes, as many of the good-conduct cases as possible.

I think that the suggestion made in America that many convicts should be released for war service should be adopted here. The inspiration of the war would transform many men who, already sufficiently punished, see no prospect for them when they are released.

Many convicts volunteer for the most dangerous service, but they are never listened to.

I remember that when, in the last war, I published a story that Scotland Yard had paid a tribute to a former long-sentence man who had won the V.C.—naturally I did not mention his name—I got three letters from relatives of former convicts attacking me for betraying their secret.

There were two others, you see, that Scotland Yard hadn't heard about.

IS PETROL-WASTING REALLY PUNISHED?

● Used to news of the kind as I am, I was astounded to read that a peer and a brigadier who had used petrol to attend a shoot arranged by a High Court judge were fined only £10.

We should expect from peers and brigadiers and nobs of that kind a good example rather than a bad one.

Yet the truth is, I suppose, there is so much waste in Service circles that the practice grows.

I am amazed at the way in which Army and R.A.F. officers are still allowed to use their cars for purely private purposes.

"If they can do it," say people, "why can't we?"

IS THERE WASTE IN MARKETS?

● Much less than you think.

Vegetables, being perishable, are wasted most.

But, I am assured, it is not the fault of the wholesalers.

Never has the country been so well off in vegetables. Yet, as there is a shortage of meat, needed to go with them unless we become vegetarians, people are not cooking so much.

Anyway, those at work on munitions have less time to cook. So housewives are turning more and more to tinned foods.

As most dealers who cannot sell out all their vegetables send them back to the farms for use as manure or pig food, however, the waste is now slight.

ARE ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS BETTER?

● Even now, millions in the United States do not appreciate the extent of Britain's war effort. So we are the victims of much criticism.

Wendell Willkie's anti-imperialist speeches, while well-meant, have been misunderstood.

Isolationism, encouraged by the recent Republican victories, is growing.

Frankly, too, there has been a lot of diplomatic trouble over the Darlan affair. Only journalistic discretion on our side—our newspapers kept almost complete silence during the weeks of difficulty—prevented serious differences.

Some American papers blamed Whitehall for failing to see the State Department's case for the recognition of Darlan.

His assassination, although it cannot be condoned, saved a lot of bother.

WHEN I shared a camp hut with twenty-nine other men I learned a lot about the people of England. I have always loved and admired the English, among whom I was brought up.

But much of my time has been spent in travel, and I never really learned how the heart of England beats, what makes England's blood flow—what makes this wonderful country what it is.

London teaches you nothing about England. London is only a kind of tea-strainer through which men and women pass and leave behind an unfilterable residue. To see England and learn about the English it is necessary to go to the Provinces.

Now if you are in the Army the Provinces come to you. You may find, enclosed in one dim hut, somebody representative of every English type, from the Geordie who talks the strange dialects of County Durham to the black Cornishman who talks with the burr of Land's End.

In every army you get a mixture of good and bad men, wise and foolish men. In my hut there was a boy who was not yet old enough to have acquired a proper sense of proportion. He had carried smartness to the verge of foppery.

It is all very well to look well turned out, but you must know when to stop. He didn't. Having fallen in love, or, at least, having become attached to a young lady in the village, he decided that his suit of battledress was not worthy of her—that it was getting threadbare and shabby.

HE put it into the stores for exchange, and the quartermaster very rightly gave it back to him and told him not to be a damned fool.

So the boy decided to employ cunning. He felt that if his suit were really tattered and torn he might get a new one. And one evening we saw him, sitting on his bed and gently scraping at the seat of his trousers with a razor blade. . . . An idiotic trick picked up from some unscrupulous old soldier.

A corporal caught him at it and said: "I could shove you inside for that, but I won't, you horrible man, because you

HUMAN MACHINE

IGNORING TRUTH

A wise student of life once said: "None of us can deal with the world on his own terms. Security must be paid for by the strictest adherence to the principles laid down by the experience of mankind gathered and matured through scores of centuries.

"If these principles are ignored, friction will be the certain result, and the amount of the friction will vary with the amount of the ignoring.

"Friction, no matter how simple or absurd its origin, will interfere with, and sometimes scotch, the highest activities of the brain."

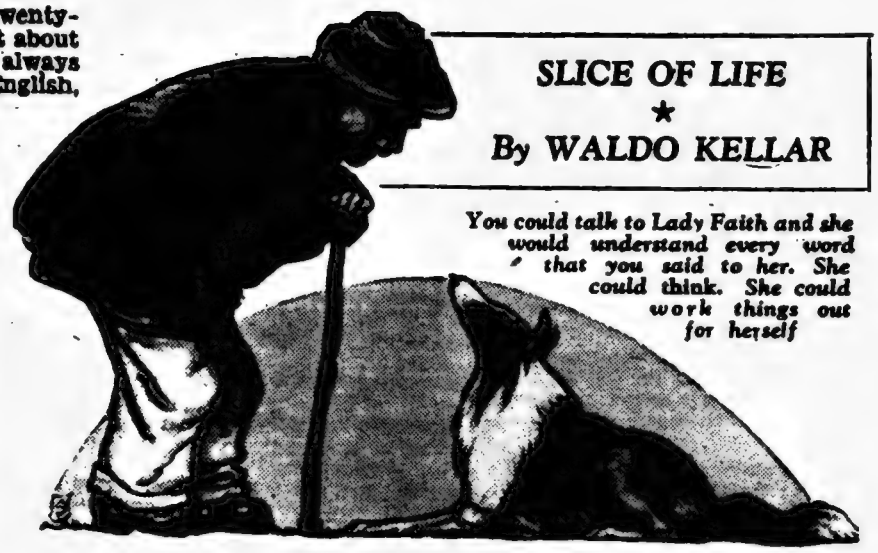
Behind it lie all the thousand and one things that make up the background of our life—the way we tackle our responsibilities, incur and settle our debts, behave to others, and the way others react on us.

You can put it all very simply—the biggest things in life depend on the smallest things, and we ignore this truth at our peril.

What follows? Why, the other indisputable truth that the way to begin anything is at the beginning, and then proceed slowly *and accurately* step by step.

A little at a time. A little every day *along the right path*. Every day *something*, however small, done right and done in the right direction.

The history of mankind has nothing more valuable to teach.



You could talk to Lady Faith and she would understand every word that you said to her. She could think. She could work things out for herself

SLICE OF LIFE

★

By WALDO KELLAR

LADY FAITH

are young and ignorant. Why, you little twerp, if it wasn't that your mother's milk is hardly dry on your lips I'd run you inside so fast that your feet wouldn't touch the ground.

"Are you aware, you pink-eyed rat, that you are drowning sailors who bring wool over to make them trousers out of? Well, don't do it again"

And another man, a big, glum man we used to call Tizzy—his name, I think, was Tisdale—a heavy man from the very far northern border, told us the following story:

I hate to see wool going to waste. (I shall not attempt to reproduce his wonderful accent!)

I daresay it's easy enough to do like the kid here does and chuck it away in thoughtlessness. I daresay I've done as much myself in my time. But never no more. Nay, never.

What I'm thinking of is Lady Faith. Lady Faith was a bitch, a Collie, that my father had for the sheep. She was a wonderful beast, the finest I've ever seen from the point of view of sense.

Her forehead was like a man's. She had more brains than most men, and more loyalty and nerve, too. If you've seen a sheepdog handling sheep, you'll know what I mean.

You could talk to Lady Faith and she would understand every word that you said to her. She could *think*. She could work things out for herself. She was a grand bitch.

My father could leave the sheep in her care. She had a sense of responsibility just like an officer. Now listen to what I'm telling you.

I was only a child at the time, but I remember it just as well as if it had been yesterday.

Our place is right up on the moors, very lonely and wild. The old lass—I mean my mother—had died, well, I don't remember when.

I lived all alone with my father. We got along grand.

Well, it happened that one day my father was laid up with rheumatism, and couldn't move. And you could believe me or believe me not, but Lady Faith took over better than a human being could.

WELL, late one afternoon she brought the sheep back. And one ewe was missing. Now, mind you, Lady Faith ought not to have been out at all, just then, but our other dog had died and my father was ill, like I told you.

So out she went, running heavily. The night came and she didn't come back.

What had happened, as we afterwards found, was this: she had had to go miles and miles into the hills and finally found this ewe lying, cast on her back, among the stones. But we didn't know that then.

Well, the dawn came, and Lady Faith came back looking very thin, and sick, and tired out. And she had the ewe with her.

But then, although she had not eaten or drunk for a day and a night, she ran out again without stopping to rest and disappeared as quick as a fox.

An hour later she came back, and what do you think she was holding in her mouth?

It was a new-born pup. That Lady Faith, that wonderful animal, had had her pups on the way back with the sheep, and had hidden them and gone on with her job—done her duty as she saw it in her mind.

I FOLLOWED her out the second time. She led me miles and miles into the roughest and toughest part of the hills.

There were her pups, three more of them. I put them in my coat and carried them back for her. And then, only then, she ate and drank and rested—but not before she had fed her little ones.

And all that for a silly great sheep—only because her duty lay in the direction of that silly sheep.

Do you get what I'm driving at? It would be a sin and a shame to waste so much as a hair of that sheep after what Lady Faith did for it and for us.

It would be like throwing away a hero. It isn't so much the wool itself as the pain, the honour, and the goodness that has gone into gathering it. She was a dog!

The boy who had been trying to make holes in his trousers hung his head and looked shamefaced.

"To say nothing of ships and sailors," said the corporal.

"Eh—them! I was talking of dogs," said the man from the North.

ALL YOU'VE GOT!

GOOD habits are as easy to form as bad ones—but they are very much harder to keep.

This is certainly true where salvage is concerned. Countless people start the salvage habit blithely enough, but after a time their efforts seem to flag.

Don't be one of these faint-hearts. Make up your mind to save all the scrap you can—metal, bones, rubber and paper. Especially paper.

Please don't make the mistake of thinking that because all kinds of scrap are now being asked for, paper doesn't matter. It does. Every single piece is needed, and needed badly.

Keep on turning out cupboards and drawers. It is surprising how waste paper accumulates. Give all you've got.

You can help still further by enlisting as a Salvage Steward to assist your local council in the collection of all waste.

The Villain's Amazing Philosophy

SWITCHING on rather early for the six o'clock news the other evening I got the tail-end of the Children's Hour. They'd had a play of some kind and the actors were explaining themselves to the listeners

One, who had played the villain, was being careful to point out that he was only that way for the purposes of the play and was really a nice fellow in private life.

"But there," he finished, "*if we were all good there wouldn't have been any story.*"

I thought I'd got over being amazed at what they pump out of the B.B.C., but, if so, then I started right away to be amazed all over again.

We hear plenty about careless talk, but that was about the most careless careless talk I've ever listened to.

If we were all good there wouldn't be any story. Philosophy for the Tinies, page one.

★ ★ ★

And I wonder how long it's going to take to get *that* out of some of the heads it went into the other evening.

Apart from the fact that we can have—and have had—hundreds of first-rate stories without any Nasty Villains in them at all, that wonderful piece of wisdom represents a line of muddled thinking that is taken to market far too often in these muddled times.

You can't have this without that. You can't have east without west. You can't have right without left. You can't have sunshine without shadow.

It's such an *easy* way of thinking. And once you've begun thinking on those lines it's so difficult to forget.

You can't have pleasure without pain. You can't have peace without war.

But it's all so stupidly *wrong*.

What if you can't have right without left? You can keep to the right, none the less. Always.

You can't have peace without war? The answer is, simply, that you can. In fact, the less war you have the more peace you get.

You can't have sunshine without shadow. You can, you can, you *can*. You just *can*, and that's all there is to it. You can have 100 per cent. sunshine everywhere. You needn't have any shadow at all.

The idea behind this particular bit of warped wisdom is that the sunshine *causes* the shadow. The sunshine *can't*. All it can cause is sunshine. It's the nasty bits of things that get in the way that cause the shadows.

Of course you can have this without that. But put the other way round it sounds snappier. It sounds so very wise. It's so easy to take in.

And now some thousands of youngsters all over the country are taking it in afresh.

★ ★ ★

You can't have nice without nasty. And so, my chicks, we ought to be very grateful to the nasty for *being* nasty and letting the nice be possible.

Get the idea, little ones?

Yes, *that's* why, as soon as this lovely war is over (lovely because, sweets, we can't have peace without it), we are going to clear a nice big space in Trafalgar Square and put up a lully great statue to Hitler.

We're so *grateful* to him, you see, my pets. Without him there wouldn't have been any story this last year or two.

A. G.

A Slip of a Girl Wins Through

★ This is the story of a little Chinese girl. Goodness knows where she is now; but the tale of her endurance and courage will be told when the baby she saved has her own grandchildren around her.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—No. 4

★

By FRANK STUART

IT began with an air-raid warning in a distant Borneo city, a teeming place of about 30,000 people, living in inflammable huts and bungalows.

War with Japan had just begun, but still seemed incredible, when the roar of bombers was heard overhead and vast explosions suddenly shook down the flimsy houses.

Ah Yong, the nursegirl, grabbed up seven-months-old baby Rose Cargill, and pattered to a home-made raid shelter as the bombs came whistling down. Two bombs fell within fifteen yards, and the bungalow slid down like a folding toy.

Three days later, Japanese troops landed eighteen miles away, and advanced on the town. Rose's father, in a volunteer regiment, helped to delay them till orders came to break south for the Dutch border.

Immediately he tried to rejoin his wife and baby. But, as he slept, exhausted after days of fighting, someone stole his boots.

Poisonous Jungle

The only footwear he could find was a pair of rubber shoes three sizes too big. Wearing these, he set out to find and escort wife and baby through one hundred miles of dense, poisonous jungle, whose natives were until recently head-hunters . . .

The Japs had announced that anyone who helped the British would be savagely punished, but that anyone leaving their service would be rewarded.

Before the Chinese nursegirl lay this choice—comfort where she was and Japanese praise, or a frightful journey with her employers and the risk of the conquerors' rage.

Mrs. Cargill found her methodically packing the baby's things.

On Christmas Day they set out in a car, away from the city, where a message had come saying that the Japanese were executing all Europeans they caught. The car was driven south, blindly away from the invaders.

Terrified Fugitives

As that car came to a crossroads several miles from the town, Mrs. Cargill saw a dusty figure step aside. It was her husband, looking for her. . . .

But the car was out of petrol. No more could be got.

They had to start walking.

They got Mrs. Cargill's two suitcases out of the car. From them they filled a knapsack and kitbag with baby food, baby clothes and a groundsheet.

Other fugitives drifted up, terrified, planless. By the time the Cargills were ready to start, there were about thirty people there. They set out together.

They travelled not by roads but by Dyak jungle tracks, through giant forests cobwebbed with great creepers, and alive with more than five hundred kinds of brilliant, screeching birds, monkeys, orang-utans, and creeping with poisonous reptiles.

Christmas Day passed to the shuffle of their feet on the twisting track, the panting of their breath, the trudging of this band of fleeing pilgrims.

They had to go fast. After darkness fell, black as pitch beneath the jungle, they had to cross Dyak bridges, over green-edged chasms with rivers thundering far below.

The bridges consisted of a thick bamboo pole, with a rope stretched across the black gulf.

Ah Yong crossed those bridges carrying a sleeping seven-month baby.

The rain began—tropical rain that streamed. The groundsheet was draped over the sleeping babe. Underfoot, the mud grew deep, in places half way up the calf, and gluey.

Slept With Pigs

Just before dawn, they reached a Dyak village. The natives were kindly, allowing the fugitives to share their huts.

The Cargills and their little nursegirl slept in a hut with twenty naked Dyaks of both sexes, and pigs and chickens wandering over them.

After three hours they set out again, and walked a further twenty miles.

Next day, they walked twenty-five miles farther through that steaming jungle.

Still, Ah Yong was carrying Rose, who accepted life's vagaries with a baby's ready philosophy.

Late that day, Mrs. Cargill collapsed by the side of the track. She lay there crying, saying she could not go any farther.

Cargill, whose feet had been bleeding all that day, and who could scarcely stand for the agony of them, tried to rouse her, and failed. Then he said he would prick her with his bayonet if she did not walk on.

He knew that if she was not roused, she must die there. And the Japanese troops were hurrying after them, not far behind.

Suddenly, the exhausted woman began to giggle at the incongruity of it all. She got up—walked on without another murmur.

Late that night, they reached a Dutch military post, where they wolfed their first proper meal for five days, and then fell down on the floor, asleep. . . .

'Buses took them a further stage, and a doctor treated and bandaged Cargill's feet. What that man must have suffered and how he kept the others going with his feet like that, no one can say.

Ah Yong, the little nursegirl, showed less fatigue than the rest, though she had carried Rose.

That night they slept in a lunatic asylum whence the inmates had been removed to make accommodation for fugitives drifting through the jungle. Rose was feverish and restless.

Next day, the doctor said she had malaria, caught in the jungle swamps. She was sent to a field hospital.

Her mother went to see her there next day—and found orderlies trying to feed the tiny, seven-months thing on hard-boiled eggs. So she gathered her up and took her away.

The malaria passed off as swiftly as it had come.

Rumours came that Jap troops were infiltrating down the jungle trails towards the post. Everything was chaos again.

Then two aeroplanes landed there. Where they had come from, no one either knew or cared. They were antiques, resurrected from some shed where they had served local freight services long ago. Never mind. They flew.

Mrs. Cargill and her baby were given places aboard one of them, and the machine took off into the heat-haze and made its way to Java—carrying a terrific overload, one of the amazing flights of the war.

Ah Yong watched with impassive face as the baby she had loved and saved was carried into the aircraft. This slip of a yellow girl—what was she thinking then?

She remained—inscrutable.

Last Minute Escape

She knew there was no room for her aboard those machines given to mothers and children and sick cases.

What did Cargill think? Would he ever see his wife and child again? Who could tell? He watched the machine fade.

Next day, with Japanese soldiers already entering the town, Cargill and Ah Yong got places on a crammed boat which took them to Batavia, where they found Rose and her mother safe.

Those two had been told to go aboard an Australian aeroplane leaving for Port Darwin. Again the ayah and Cargill said goodbye to Rose and her mother, this time while a big Japanese bombing raid was in progress and yellow troops were rumoured to be entering the city's outskirts.

The aircraft for Australia took off and went out of sight, escaping two bombers that pursued it with gunfire. Ah Yong stood, a tiny figure, staring after it till it had vanished.

They'll Look for Her

Cargill and the nursegirl and other fugitives moved down the coast. He managed to get a steerage passage in a refugee ship just putting off for Australia.

But he was told the Australian Government would not allow the passage of any Asiatics at that time without a deposit, first, of £100. Cargill had lost everything; he did not possess a hundred pence. There was simply nothing he could do . . .

His ship sailed, and Ah Yong was left in Java, looking inscrutably after the vessel as it steamed slowly out on to the deep blue water.

Will the little yellow nursegirl ever again see the white baby whose life she saved? Who can tell?

If the Cargills can ever go back from Australia, they will comb Malaysia for that slight, indomitable figure. If she escapes the Japs, and does not starve, there may be a reunion one day.

Ah Yong typifies the spirit of China. . . .

Next week:
They operated over a live shell.

Ah Yong was one of hundreds of Chinese nursegirls, like this one, devoted to British families in the East

HUMANIST'S PROBLEMS

GOSSIP : LOVE TANGLE : CHILD'S BLUNT QUERY

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"IT is not my usual policy to burden others with my troubles," *writes a woman reader*, "but I have been so depressed lately by malicious gossips that I feel you may be able to help me.

"I am twenty-seven and have been living in this village since just before my marriage.

"The trouble started with our wedding. As it took place in war time we dispensed with the customary 'white' and had a special licence, the event taking place in another village where I was then working.

"You can guess what the gossips hinted about the wedding."

The writer goes on to quote a number of thoroughly malicious things that were whispered about her. I leave it to readers to imagine what was said.

"I came here from a large city," *she continues*, "and left family, friends, and everything for the man I wed.

"I have tried to shrug my shoulders and carry on, but somehow things have begun to get me down.

"I have told you only a few of the scandals about me; but actually the village hums with them, and practically all without a shred of truth in them.

"It seems impossible to find out where the mischief begins—who is at the back of it all."

This scandalmongering is an old, old story. There is a deep-seated prejudice against those who are not "born and bred" in the place.

One has to try to laugh at it. The difficulty about tackling the trouble at its source is that people are afraid to give evidence in court. If they would do this, the slanderers could be brought to book.

"I WONDER if you agree with me," *writes another married woman*, "that children should be told the truth when they start asking natural but embarrassing questions?

"I am expecting my second baby, and told my young son that some day he would have a brother or sister to play with him. He wanted to know more and I told him.

"Recently, on a visit to his grand-

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

GRAPHIC thumbnail sketches of a naval action come in a letter from A.B./B. Arthur to his mother at Inverkip Street, Greenock, Glasgow:

I am quite well, although I am sure that some of the Italians have a severe headache as the result of our recent action.

The fun began when we shot straight between them with a destroyer on our port side and a cruiser behind. On our starboard side another enemy cruiser loomed up so close that we could have chucked a spud at it.

However, we did not waste spuds, but sent four torpedoes at the port cruiser and opened up on them with our guns. Two of our torpedoes hit the mark and the ship went up in a terrific flash of flame.

We then turned round and opened up on the starboard cruiser, and pumped some shells into her as she shot past us in an attempt to escape.

Meanwhile an "E" boat came up from nowhere, and hundreds of tracer bullets came up at us, but no damage was done. Our other guns opened up now, and for a time it seemed that hell was let loose.

I was supplying a gun and helping with the ammunition, so I had a grandstand view.

Within a short time our other destroyers were in the thick of the fighting, and they acted up to their name. As we were at the head of the line we got in the first shots.

I think that we were so quick on the job that the enemy hardly realised what was happening until it was all over. Anyway, the Italians did not seem to have their hearts in the job.

. . . I forgot to tell you that our galley funnel caught fire, and one of our destroyers thought that we had been set on fire, as millions of sparks shot upwards.

Our Fire Party turned the hose on the blaze and nearly drowned two of our lads, but all ended well.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"J.B." IN THE LINE

The arrival of JOHN BULL is an important event with many units in the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. How much it means is told by Dvr. C. Newell, R.A.O.C., in a letter home to friends at Cranston Gardens, Chingford, Essex:

Received yesterday your packages of JOHN BULLS, for which the best thanks of all the boys. The eight of us in our tent were short of reading matter, so our favourite arrived at the right moment.

Each copy is read from cover to cover by all in our tent before it is passed on to hundreds of the lads. Sometimes we have little discussion groups arguing about the main articles, and, of course, "The Voice of the Troops" is eagerly read.

IMPRISONED TALENT

From a German prison camp, a civilian internee writes to friends at Crowther Road, Birmingham:

We had a small concert last week, and the programme was quite good, as we have with us some professional artistes who were touring Europe when war broke out and they were interned.

I am not allowed to mention their names, but one is a well-known female singer and the other plays an organ said to be the smallest in the world.

We also had a violinist who is very good—and knows it! Another artiste is a coloured tap-dancer who has toured England with two popular dance bands. Also we have an harmonica player who must be second best to Larry Adler.

These concerts provide a means of escape from monotony.

It was Flanagan and Allen singing "Under neath the Arches"

OI!

Flanagan and Allen singing to natives in India sounds a bit far-fetched, but here is the explanation in a letter from A.C. G. Chalmers, serving with the R.A.F. in India. He writes to an A.T.S. friend at Richmond Park, Olton, Birmingham:

There was the sound of singing and music coming from the native quarter, and the voices and the song seemed strangely familiar.

Looking through the window of a typically Indian house, I could see natives enjoying a party. They were standing round an old-fashioned large-horned gramophone.

The record being played was Flanagan and Allen singing "Underneath the Arches," the natives joining in the chorus, with a sort of dance movement all of their own.

I don't think they had the foggiest idea about the meaning of the words, but that made no difference to the zest of their singing.

I expect an epidemic of "Oi" to break out among the natives at any moment, as they are quick at picking up our words and phrases.

SNOW-WHITE BABOONS

A.C.I./D. Castle, with the R.A.F. in India, describes a day out. He writes to his parents at Crompton Crescent, Leeds:

Five of us, having drawn rations, set off after breakfast for a hike. Two miles from camp we came across hundreds of bullocks being driven to market.

By noon we were in a forest of pine trees high up on the mountainside. We were sitting down nibbling our rations and enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene when there was a sudden and terrific crashing in the trees.

We were a bit scared until we discovered that the noise came from a bunch of snow-white baboons.

They made fierce noises at us, as if we were trespassers, but as we couldn't understand their language no harm was done and no offence taken.

"TOD SLAUGHTER"

And another India adventure of a different kind is described by Pte. G. L. Reynolds, Border Regt., writing to his wife at Springfield Place, Leeds, 10:

I was asleep when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and I woke to find a man with a black face and a white turban bending over me. He held a razor in one hand and a shaving brush in the other.

It was a good, clean shave, and then I watched the fun when the barber awoke the other lads. One of them jumped clean out of bed shouting for help, until he realised that the man with the razor was friendly.

Wagging tongues fasten specially on new-comers to a village

her, he eagerly told her the news. said he was a wicked boy to say h things.

I said he was not wicked as I had him myself. She then said I was ad mother for destroying his inno-ce.

I wanted my boy to get his informa- in the right way and to regard it as ething quite natural.

I remember the way I gained my knowledge—the whispering and gering over half-known facts.

Surely it is better to learn the facts home in everyday language than to it up outside in the language of the ter?

Please tell me what you think."

lost people agree that the old hush- policy was wrong, and that dren ought to be enlightened, but shall give the information?

Parents often shrink from it and want the teacher to do it; the teacher thinks it should be given by the school doctor; the doctor thinks either the parent or the teacher should be made responsible.

There are some little booklets specially written to assist the worried parent. There are, too, books for boys and girls of different ages.

Talk about destroying innocence is nonsense: there is no surer way to destroy innocence than to keep young people in ignorance.

FINALLY, a letter from a young man who has got himself into an awkward tangle:

"I met a girl at a dance," *he says*, "and we got on so well that I asked her to meet me again. We started doing an occasional film together and had a few walks.

"After about a month I took her to see my people and they liked her immensely.

"Then came the problem about which I need your help. She took me to her home. How it happened I don't quite know, but I 'fell' absolutely and completely for her younger sister.

"I am terribly in love with her and she with me."

What the young man should *not* do is to marry the wrong girl merely because the families expect it. That would lead to lifelong regret.

It is very hard to tell the truth, but it has to be done. If he is quite sure he ought not to wait another day.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

THIS "Share your domestic fire" can have complications! We two were quite happy having meals by the kitchen fire. Then a woman neighbour invited him to tea. There was a blazing fire in the dining-room, and the kitchen fire going strong. Net result of this "Share your fire" is that he is discontented, and I'm a bit discouraged.—"D. W.," Westcliff-on-Sea.

★ ★ ★

Well-deserved tributes are paid to workers in tank and aircraft factories, shipyards and mines, but we hear little of the workers who do the most dangerous job of all, in the explosives factories. . . . And I have never heard of them going on strike!—G. MacDonald, Stevenston, Ayrshire.

★ ★ ★

Something must be done about the price of teacups. Trying to buy some for home use, I was offered tea-sets priced at £2 to £7. Elsewhere teacups were on sale at 2s. each!—Mrs. McFarlane, Causewayside, Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

A neighbour joining the Home Guard as a driver has to travel ten miles for his petrol. Yet there is a petrol station less than a mile from his home. Is this economy?—Mr. G. Day, Darwin Road, Ipswich.

★ ★ ★

Cannot the Postmaster-General put stamp machines in big military camps? Here the nearest post-office to our camp is five miles away, and is closed when we are free in the evenings.—"Gunner," South England.

★ ★ ★

A milk-roundsman who collects milk-bottles from local schools states that it is quite usual to find twelve to twenty "empties" half full of milk. Surely teachers could find out whether children really want the milk, and save such wicked waste.—Mr. G. Winter, Auburn Terrace, Nottingham.

★ ★ ★

A private 'phone subscriber, I have to use the old 1939 directory. There must be thousands like me, wasting time and money on wrong numbers, wasting also the time of operator, inquiry supervisor and the person called in error.—Mr. A. Blackburn, Wallington, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

To rejuvenate old torch batteries slip the two cells out of cardboard covering and pierce the zinc wall of each cell with a bradawl, about a quarter of an inch from the top. Stand them overnight in a solution of salt and water (one tablespoon to a cup). The solution should just cover the holes. In the morning dry and replace.—Mr. E. Sanders, Harefield, Middlesex.

"STEPS"

THE first step and the last step seem laden with our Fate, but what of all those steps between that link up and relate? How smooth that step to Evil seems, a venture, nothing more, but the next steps come so quickly till they add up their dark score.

THEN there's steps that have a doubt on them like a shadow grimly cast; such steps can only mean regret when they're shaped into our past. And there's steps that have a golden edge as if Heaven had set them there. These are Life's loveliest steps, for our footprints shine when we walk there.

THEN there's steps to wealth, and steps to Love, steps to Duty, Faith and pride, and each step forms our character, for we all have to decide which are Life's right steps and Life's wrong, for they're things we can't retrace. So never take the step that leads your Soul beyond God's Grace. J. M.

Make more use of your RUDGE —and so give the war effort that little extra "helping hand"

RUDGE IS BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE!

"*Home lesson...*" A splendid wash with Wright's before and after lessons is a habit that's helped to keep generations of children fresh and fit. That lovely-smelling 'coal tar' lather keeps the skin healthy, cleanses cuts and grazes, drives away germs. Many schools use nothing but Wright's.

WRIGHT'S *Coal Tar Soap*

7½d. per tablet — Inc. tax — 1 coupon.

★

LAST LAUGH

B. B. (Bath).—"Doctors are now admitting that it is nature that heals; they only assist nature." But they don't send the bill to nature.

B. M. (Welwyn).—"We are sure to catch Hitler bending soon, and then what will happen?" We shall lay him out.

E. N. (Manchester).—"It is proposed that there should be night shifts in banks." This will increase the number of unemployed in the burgling profession.

R. W. (Taunton).—"Conversation in a railway carriage seems to start more easily than before the war." Well, each passenger is eager to explain to the others why his journey is really necessary.

E. L. (Luton).—"A Rome broadcaster said that the Italian sense of humour triumphs over R.A.F. raids." We can well imagine occupants of a shelter mirthfully asking one another, "Genoa better hole than this one?"

R. N. (Norwich).—"An American recruit had to wait a week while a pair of size fifteen boots were specially made for him." Apparently even now the war isn't big enough to fit everybody.

SUBALTERN (Essex).—"I enjoyed my O.C.T.U. experience." But apparently you got the "pip."

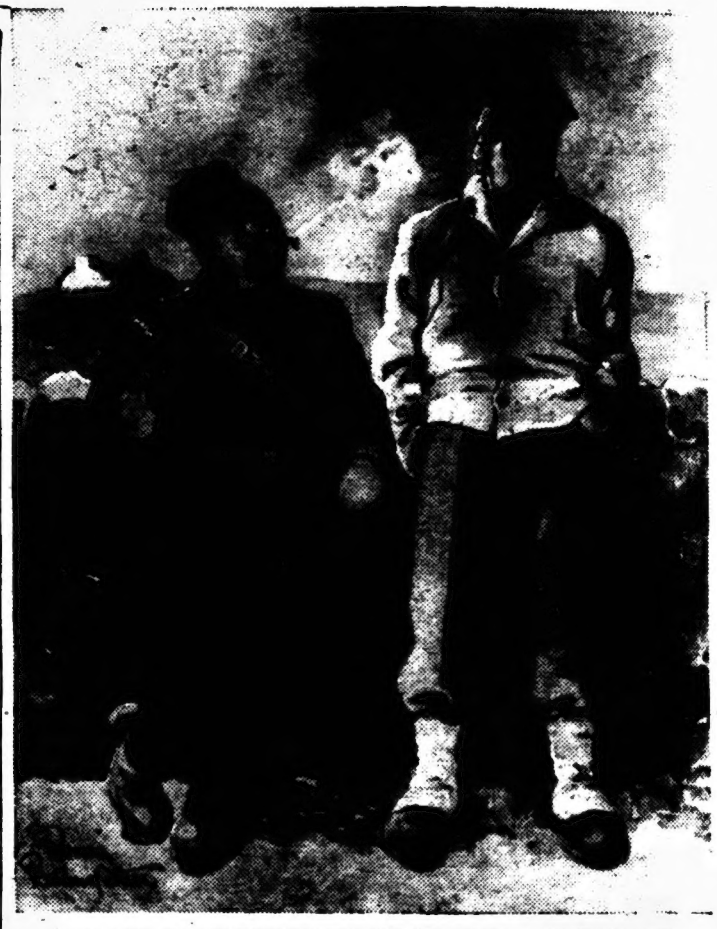
W. A. (Sutton).—"A soldier's baby has been named Ensa." The proud father says that already she is very entertaining.

S. M. (Lynmouth).—"The manufacture of white lace curtains has now ceased." They are still obtainable, however, by sending a pair of white sheets to a vigorous laundry.

WATCHMAN (Dalston).—"It looks to me as if I'll have only pre-war clothes to see the war through." Well, assuming they are worn pretty thin, you'll see all the more, won't you?

PLAYWRIGHT (London).—"I shall never forget my first play." But we guess everybody else has forgotten it long ago.

B. K. (London).—"One does not expect one's grandmother at ninety to betray unexpected activity even indoors, does one?" Not unless one polishes the floors till they are like ice.



BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Yer know, mate, they asked me to join the 'Ome Guard, soon as the war started."

"Gee! I didn't know things was as bad as that."

Side-Slips

LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"The FOOD control was satisfactory, as was also the agricultural position."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"No doubt in Berlin that British AIR is to capture North African ports . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—"A show to be RESENTED in garrison theatres is being written . . ."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"The clothes for the 'leading lady,' a lieutenant, were made from bundles of RAGES sent to the ship for cleaning purposes."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Since his discharge from the Army in 1941, William Myers has been practically useless, gradually getting worse until now he is so helpless that he cannot even stand, or light a cigarette. Before the war he was a hairdresser, who had never known a day's illness.

His plucky wife carries on to the best of her ability, although she is handicapped by poor health and often needs medical treatment.

There are two little girls, Nina and Brenda, aged six and eight years, Brenda being very delicate.

Efforts are being made to secure a pension for this afflicted man, but there is considerable delay while the authorities are reconsidering his case.

Meanwhile, the family are existing on a meagre State allowance. Debts amounting to £15 are a continual source of worry to Mrs. Myers.

Will you help this brave woman who has such a fierce battle to fight against ill-health and poverty?

Donations earmarked "Brenda," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of donations are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

THIS WEEK'S CASH WINNERS

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,355

W. H. Moore, "Craneswater," 225, Foxhall Rd., Ipswich, for this "Bullet":—

THE BEVERIDGE PLAN
COMMON-SENSE WITH COMMON PENCE.

£20: B. F. Benison, 43, Gibbon Rd., East Acton, W.3.
Plans For Prosperity—Let's "Prosecute"—And Defend!

£10: J. Plummer, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree.
Job We Must Tackle—Putting German Against War.

£5: A. H. Palmer, 96, King Edward St., Bissegare, Bridgend.
To Rebuild The World—Anew, A New Yen!

£1: Mrs. M. Norton, 58, Red Lion St., Redcar
Not So Small—On History's "Map," Malta.

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£3: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
Pals And Allies—Don't "Bleed"—"Bee Together"!

£2: A. Orange, 10, Pyrimley Gardens, Browsby Green, Wythenshawe, Manchester.
To Rebuild The World—"On Level," "Dig" Deep!

10s.: F. F. Worth, 30, Romany Rd., Northampton.
Mr. Middlehead—Versus "Know-all"—Council Meeting!

10s.: L. W. Greaves, 30, Crom Desp, Twickenham.
Plans For To-morrow—I Had, Until "Drafted."

10s.: W. D. Craig, 23, Surrey Rd., Bournemouth
He's A Bigbird, So—Greets "Reborn" With "Chh."

10s.: H. Spong, 26, Moss Hill, Weybridge.
Wave Of Optimism—Began In Tideless Mediterranean.

10s.: E. M. Dougall, 3, Sutherland House, W. Ealing, W.13.
He's A Bigbird, So—Rides Tandem Behind Chauffeur!

A list of 50 Winners of New Year Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

40 NEW YEAR PRIZES WON IN XWORD No. 307.

WINNING WORDS:—1. Linked. 2. Keen. 3. Bin. 4. Hand. 5. Pegged. 6. Pusher. 7. Dose. 8. Loose. 9. Lucky. 10. Right. 11. Alive. 12. Fusses. 13. Duty. 14. Finely.

THREE £100 SHARERS:—R. A. Hart, 12, Holbrook Rd., Liverpool; G. Motchkin, 7, Conway Ave., Cleveleys, Lancs; Lieut. G. Howitt, 4, Wain-a-long Rd., Salisbury.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 37 entrants. In addition 4-lb. New Year Cake given to each Runner-up.

'FLU? No Fear!

AT the first sign of a 'Flu attack I take a dose of Beecham's Powders in a little water or milk and nip the trouble in the bud.

Can't afford to be laid up this winter!

Beecham's Powders are a reliable remedy in a pleasant powder form. They are quick in action and dependable in results.

Equally as good for Colds, Chills, Rheumatic Twinges, Headaches and Nerve Pains. You should try them!

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take! Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/3½, 2/3, 3/11. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8. Purchase tax incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L.50B

Cuthbert's FRUIT TREES

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT

Provide your own supply of this health-giving food by planting these fine full-fruiting nine trees.

APPLES. Bush. Cox's Orange, 2-year-old trees, fine stock, 6/- each; Cordons, 7/6 each; Bush, James Grieve, 6/6 each; Cordon, James Grieve, 7/6.
PEARS. Famous variety, Fertility, 7/6 each.
BLACK CURRANTS. 2-year-old bushes, 1/9 each, 18/- doz.
RED CURRANTS. 1/9 each; 18/- doz.
RASPBERRY CANES. Best sorts, Lloyd George and Norfolk Giant, 5/- doz.; 35s. 100.
STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Royal Sovereign, prolific cropper, 22/6 50; 40/- 100.
Orders under 10/- add 1/- carr., 10/- to 25/- add 2/-, over 25/- carr. paid.

R. & G. CUTHBERT 62, COFF'S OAK, HERTS.
Growers of Fruit Trees since 1797.

JOHN BULL'S WARTIME BOOK SERVICE TO ALL ITS READERS!

COMPLETE HOME KNITTING ILLUSTRATED

The World's Most Valuable and Practical Book for Every Woman who Knits—"COMPLETE HOME KNITTING ILLUSTRATED"—Coupon-saving and money-saving ideas—Secrets of Lovely things to make—Secrets of making new clothes from old—Over 250 Big Pages!—£2,000 Worth!—Over 200 Patterns, Photographs and Diagrams!

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A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.

For Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, and all forms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout and Uric Acid Troubles.

NO HEALTH SALINE LIKE IT

Prices (tax included): 4½d., 8½d., and 1/4 from your nearest chemist or post free from:

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD. (Dept. J.B. 626), 93 Grove Rd., Bow, London, E.3

Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take. What you should do instead is, give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a delicious laxative, so natural, yet so certain. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. 1/4 and 2/6. Get some to-day.

ACID FUR

DETECT IT THIS WAY:

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur*, the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth, and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid tooth-paste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia.' They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the only toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax) Return empty tubes to chemist.

Phillips Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

MANY CHEQUES and CAKES THIS WEEK!

RAISING OVER £125 heaped by £100 CASH for XWORDS

Awards value £25 between Runners-up

50 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 307 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 310

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.						3p	3p	3p
1	MAN WITHOUT THIS MUST OFTEN FEEL CUT OFF FROM HIS FELLOWS		H	E	A		T H			
2	VALUABLE POSSESSION OF A CURIO SHOP	C	H	A	R					
3	FRIEND'S PITY ISN'T ENOUGH WHEN SUCH A MAN IS BADLY HIT			L	O		E R			
4	OFTEN SHOWS LITTLE TASTE	P	A	L	A		E			
5	AN ENCHANTED CASTLE. EERIE SOUND MAY PROCEED FROM		M	O	A					
6	IT'S AN UNUSUAL BROTHER WHO KEEPS GIVING KIDDY THIS				L		A N			
7	WOMAN CAN BE HURT BY SHOT AT HER AGE MADE BY	G	U	E	S					
8	RECRUIT'S NOT LIKELY TO GET THIS WHEN SERGEANT-MAJOR POUNCES ON HIM		M	E	R		Y			
9	BAD LIE IS OUT OF A ONE			F	I					
10	SHOULD BE ABLE TO DRAW				O		E N			
11	CAN'T ALWAYS BE PRESERVED	P	E	A	C					
12	WEATHERCOCK MAY VEER ABOUT WITH		W	I	N					
13	THE BEST SORT IS NOT TOO REFINED	H	O	M	I		Y			
14	TOWN HEAVILY BOMBED IS SURE TO BE		P	I	T		E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 30.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JAN. 18.

Signed .....

Address .....

310.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns need. Two Xword columns FREE with each 6/- paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-the entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

MORE BULLETS PRIZES of 1943!

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £200 25 FINE 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan. 29.

AHEAD OF BRITAIN
SEVERIDGE'S BABY
WHIRLWIND WARFARE
THE ITALIANS
ON THE RIGHT SIDE
STORY OF STALINGRAD
PEACE PROGRAMME
ALL OVER
JOB FOR THE DURATION
STUPIDITY

BULLETS 1,355 RESULT appears on page 14

NOT TO BE BEATEN
BIGGEST OF ALL
FATE STEPPED IN AND
IN RECORD TIME
THE DAY IS OVER WHEN
FOR A CHANGE
POWERFUL ARGUMENT
HAD TOO MANY
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
HITLER'S PHOTOGRAPH

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN ..... COMES HOME
PEOPLE OF .....
FIRST ON THE .....
BOY WITH .....
SHOWS HE'S GOT .....
LIFE OF A .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BUT .....

FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee, at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated January 30.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,355 Monday, Jan. 18.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,355—or Xword No. 310, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PROPAX

REGD. TRADE MARK

Kills pain Quickly

Swiftly, surely, Propax drives away pain: better still, it puts your system right at the *cause*. Unfailing double-action' relief for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nerve pains; can't harm heart or digestion.

6½d., 1/3 & 2/6

At all Chemists, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Woolworth's and stores. Sole Distributors: SPLENDOR LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

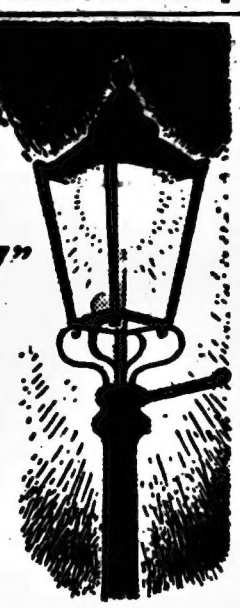
VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Name Tells the Story!

The Family Remedy for COUGHS COLDS 'FLU BRONCHITIS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (*Inc. Purchase Tax*)



"...and the LIGHTS will come back!"

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp or an uncurtained window? It is a strange fact. And it is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

Amid all our cares and troubles, we in this country have put the health of the children first; have done everything we could to make sure that they should suffer least of all.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a wonderfully good job in helping to keep the health standard high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. It has offset the effect of the inevitable restrictions of war time.

It can fairly be claimed that in helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow. We are all remembering, especially with kiddies, that health counts most.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Sometimes hard to get—but always easy to get on with!

(Made for womenfolk, too)

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

In JUGOSLAVIA *then*..

In ENGLAND *now*

When the peasants of Jugoslavia were still free and their only enemy was the hard soil, a favourite feast dish was Raznjici (pork chops and onions grilled on skewers). But their daily dish often consisted of potatoes — *but* potatoes! The other day a number of Jugoslavian cooks were demonstrating potato cookery in London. Cheese Gibanica is one of the potato main-dishes they made. Here is the recipe for you to try.

CHEESE GIBANICA

Pastry: 2 oz. flour, water, pinch of salt. Enough water to make a soft dough. Put dough in floured cloth. Leave to set for 1 hour. Roll out thinly, pull out till as thin as paper, leave to dry in warm room. *Filling:* Make a mixture of ½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoonful dried egg, sugar to taste, a little milk, knob of fat. Cut pastry to fit tin. Put alternate layers of pastry and filling, sprinkling each layer of filling with grated cheese. Make the top layer of pastry. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Potatoes are part of the battle

P.B.

DRI-PED LEATHER
is guaranteed to outlast two repairs of ordinary leather!
Ask your Repairer for it.
YOUR LAST SHOES WENT THROUGH IN NO TIME. I REALLY MUST TRY TO GET DRI-PED FOR YOUR SCHOOL SHOES!
Look for the PURPLE DIAMOND stamped on every sole

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.

DRI-PED LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCS.

Play cricket with the ashes!

Too much coal that is only half-burnt is thrown away when grates are cleared, and thus a source of good heat is wasted when fuel is vitally precious to the war effort.

What do I do?

I sift the cinders whenever I clear the grate, putting aside all cinders which are not completely burned.

I use these for building up the next fire when it is properly alight.

I throw away *nothing* except unusable dust and ash.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly banished by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 2d.

The HOMEGUARD AGAINST

CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, IMPETIGO, ECZEMA, ABSCESSES, even BAD LEGS.

LION OINTMENT famous for 94 years for quick, safe healing. Brings inflammation OUT, prevents it spreading: forms healthy skin in a few days. Treat minor wounds immediately before they become septic.

Chemists 3/- *per box* 1/3

(Inc. Purch.

BURGES'

LION OINTMENT

ASPRO

'ASPRO' acts!

SMASHES COLDS & 'FLU, RELIEVES RHEUMATIC PAIN SOOTHES HEADACHES, NEURALGIA &c

Proof!

There are no half measures about 'ASPRO' service, no "wait and see" or "perhaps." 'ASPRO' action is swift and definite. If you feel a cold or 'flu attack coming on, take 'ASPRO': the shivering, sneezing or weak-at-the-knees aching sensations will be quickly banished. Two more tablets with a hot drink when you go to bed, and in the morning you will be well. If you suffer from rheumatic pain, lumbago, sciatica, 'ASPRO' will help you—quickly, safely. From the first dose you will feel wonderful relief. Headache, neuralgia, toothache, etc., fade away before the soothing power of 'ASPRO'. Used as a gargle 'ASPRO' has an almost instantaneous soothing effect for sore throats. But 'ASPRO' does more than give quick relief from pain and illness—it deals with the causes, reducing fever, lethargy, acting as an internal antiseptic and germicide and helping Nature to eliminate uric acid from the system. That's why 'ASPRO' renders such a diversity of services—that's why it is established in millions of homes.

COLDS GO IN ONE NIGHT

G. KAY, of 72a Townholm Crescent, Hanwell, W.7, writes:—"I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop black on a hot drink and 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by morning, I am my old self again."

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and not as a deterrent.

More Proof!

'FLU, COLDS AND HEADACHES GO

B. O. R., of Hackney, E.9, writes:—"I write this letter to prove the genuine effect of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I sometimes have a headache which is unbearable, but a little while after I have taken two 'ASPRO' tablets it has gone. When I have felt a 'flu' cold coming over me, I have gone to bed with a hot drink and 2 'ASPRO' tablets and the next morning I am as 'fit as a fiddle.'"

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

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